

SCREEN AND

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Linda
Darnell

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What It's Like Working With Bing Crosby

You see, girls...
I'm running
off with one of
your husbands!
Addie *



A LETTER TO THREE WIVES...



...IS A PEEK INTO THE OTHER WOMAN'S ^{MALE!} MAIL!

Jeanne Crain
Linda Darnell
Ann Sothern



*Addie is the
'other woman'
all other women
will be
talking about!



a Letter to Three Wives

(STRICTLY PERSONAL)

Promise

you won't peek-and-tell...the
ending! It's a sheer, delightful revelation!

co-starring

KIRK DOUGLAS
PAUL DOUGLAS
BARBARA LAWRENCE
JEFFREY LYNN

with Connie Gilchrist • Florence Bates • Hobart Cavanaugh

Screen Play and Direction by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ • Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL

Adapted by Vera Carpany • From a Cosmopolitan Magazine Novel by John Klemper

20th
CENTURY-FOX

This Oh-so-delightful "must" —
to Guard the Glory of your Hair!

YES, countless thousands make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing routine. If you're not one of them you ought to be.

This delightful aid does so many things to help you be proud of your hair.

It goes after oily film, floats away loose dandruff flakes, and combats scalp odor. But, most important of all, it kills millions of germs associated with *infectious dandruff* . . . that troublesome, persistent disorder so prevalent among women.

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Because of its quick, cleansing germ-killing action, Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff, as well as an effective twice-a-day treatment once the condition has started.

For the glory of your hair, for the health of your scalp, make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of hair-washing. Also, it's an intelligent routine for your husband and children who are by no means immune to infectious dandruff.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The "Bottle Bacillus", scientifically known as "P. Ovale", called by many dermatologists a causative agent of infectious dandruff.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for
INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, is **guaranteed** not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

SCREENLAND

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Exclusive Photos by PICTORY

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ON THE COVER, LINDA DARNELL, STARRING IN THE
20TH CENTURY-FOX FILM, "LETTER TO THREE WIVES"

MARCH, 1949

VOLUME FIFTY-THREE
NUMBER FIVE

PUBLISHED BY J. FRED HENRY PUBLICATIONS, INC.

SCREENLAND. Published monthly by J. Fred Henry Publications, Inc., 444 Madison Ave., New York 22 N. Y. Advertising Offices: 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.; 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill.; 816 W. 5th St., Los Angeles 13, Calif. Gordon Simpson, West Coast Manager. James L. Cunningham, Chicago Manager. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention, but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Subscriptions \$1.80 for one year, \$3.00 for two years and \$4.50 for three years in the United States, its possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America; 50¢ a year additional in Canada; other foreign countries \$1.00 a year additional. When entering a new subscription please allow not less than 60 days for your first copy to reach you. When renewing your subscription, prompt remittance helps to assure continuous service. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance. Be sure to give both old and new address and zone or other information necessary. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1949 by J. Fred Henry Publications, Inc. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

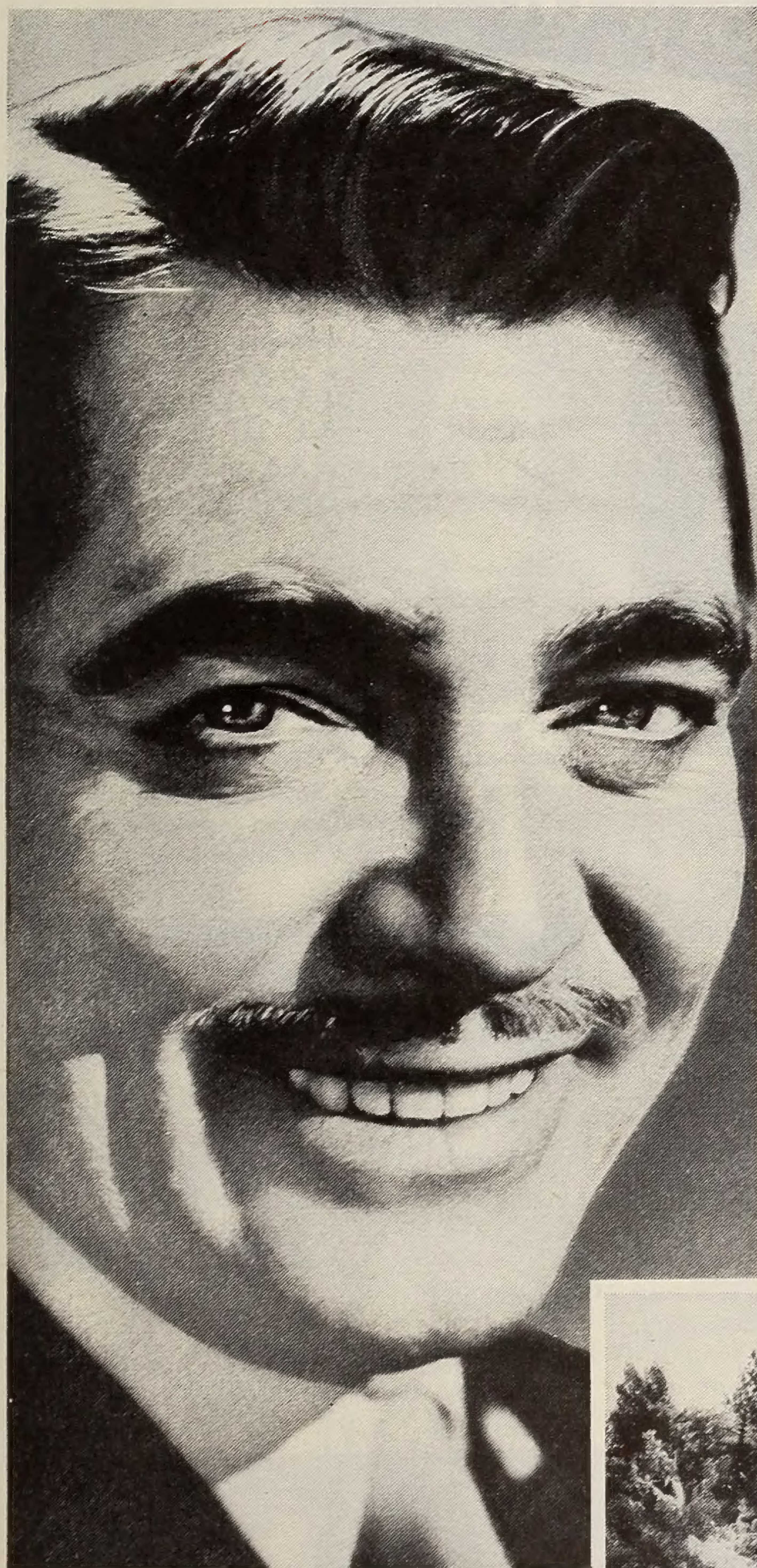
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M-G-M
presents

THE FIRST

☆☆☆☆
*Broadway's No. 1
Stage Hit Now
On The Screen!*

BIG PICTURE OF 1949!



**Clark Gable · Walter Pidgeon
Van Johnson · Brian Donlevy
Charles Bickford · John Hodiak
Edward Arnold**

"Command Decision"

**"KING CLARK GABLE
BACK ON THRONE!"**

*says Hedda Hopper
(noted columnist)*

With such a galaxy of stars it is impossible to pay each the praise he deserves. They join magnificently together to create this stirring story of heroes, cowards, braggarts, fighters, liars, lovers... and what goes on in their hearts!



Forceful Fighting Man!

WALTER PIDGEON turns in a remarkable performance as the officer who must make a great decision!



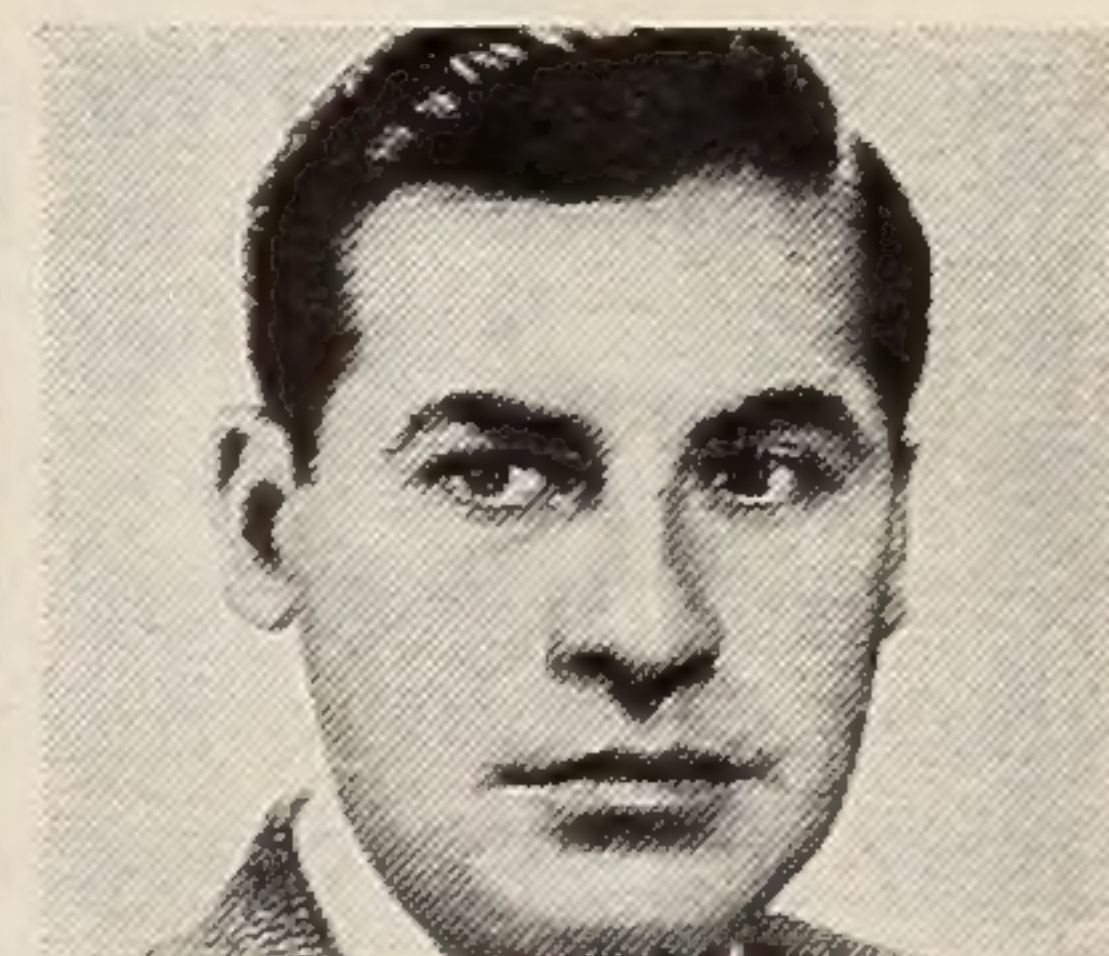
Kids The Brass Hats!

VAN JOHNSON is hard-boiled and wise-cracking in a role that makes you laugh and cheer!



He Carries On!

BRIAN DONLEVY as the man who takes the hot-spot of a high command does a fine job!



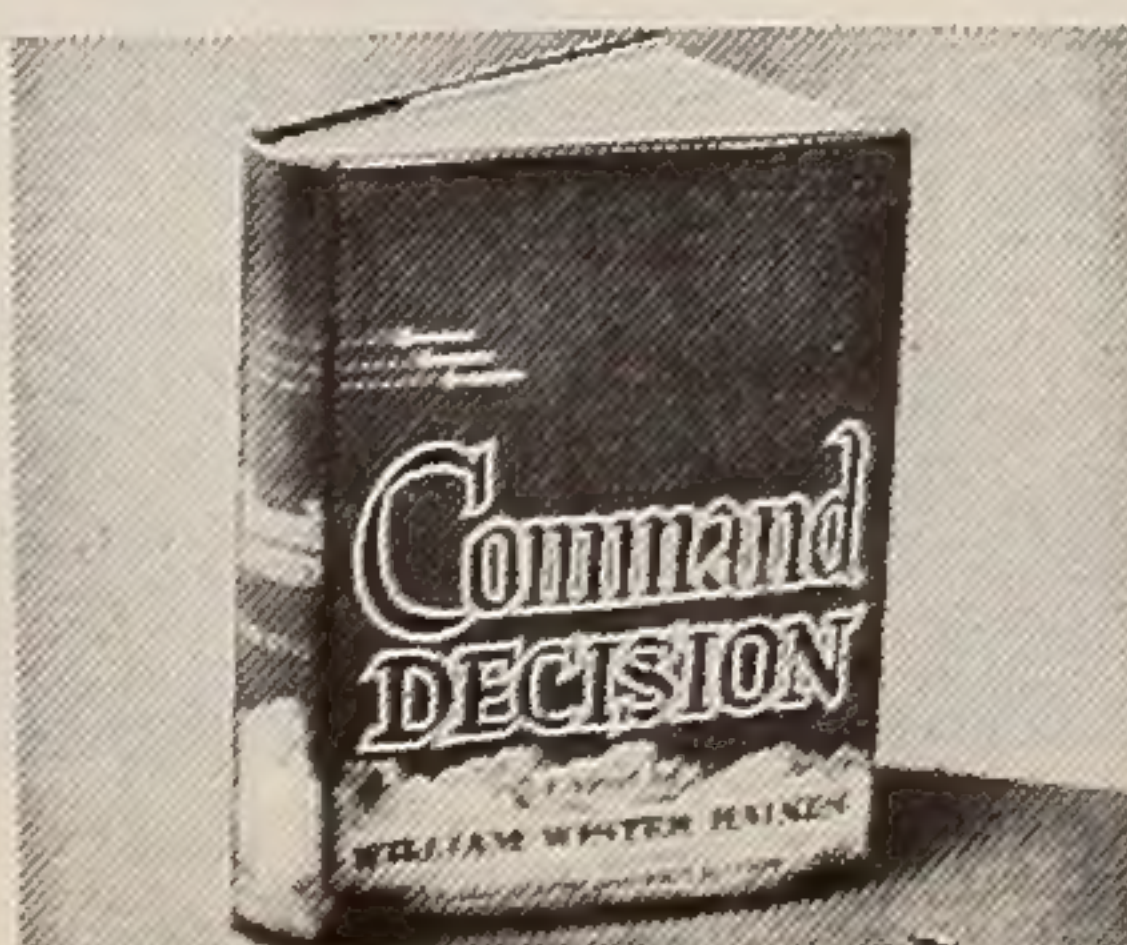
Flies Fateful Mission!

JOHN HODIAK is thrilling as the pilot who achieves his objective... and pays the price!



Crash Landing!

This is just one of the breath-taking scenes that make "Command Decision" an exciting picture, one of the most talked-about films in years.



THRILLED MILLIONS!

As a best-selling book and Reader's Digest fiction feature, the story by William Wister Haines won wide acclaim. Men and women alike were held spellbound by its virile, gripping drama.

**Scoop of the year!
M-G-M films the famed play!**



★ CLARK GABLE ★
WALTER PIDGEON
VAN JOHNSON
BRIAN DONLEVY
CHARLES BICKFORD
JOHN HODIAK
EDWARD ARNOLD

"COMMAND DECISION"

with MARSHALL THOMPSON
RICHARD QUINE
CAMERON MITCHELL
CLINTON SUNDBERG
RAY COLLINS

A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by William R. Laidlaw
and George Froeschel

Based on the Play by William Wister Haines

Directed by SAM WOOD

Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

In Association with

GOTTFRIED REINHARDT

An M-G-M Picture ★

Please lady,
listen



Please don't walk away or turn a deaf ear, gentle lady! There's big news in the air and you may find it just as important in your life as it has proved to millions of other women all over the world—not once, but thirteen times a year. . . . As you already have guessed, the subject under discussion is a wholly feminine one—monthly sanitary protection.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

But the "big" news deals with a very tiny product indeed, no longer than your little finger! It is called *Tampax* and it is worn internally. This principle is well-known to doctors and it has many advantages. *Tampax* frees you from the tyranny of belts, pins and external pads. It causes no odor or chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. *Tampax* is only 1/9 the bulk of older kinds and you can shower, tub or swim without removing it!

Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty patented applicators, *Tampax* comes in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips readily into purse. Compare today's price of *Tampax* with the price of nationally-advertised external pads. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

By
Weston
East



Gossip in the Lobby



Betty Hutton with her two daughters,
Lindsay Diane and Candice ("Candy").

IT HAPPENED at that new service station owned by Esther Williams. In addition to cleaning windshields, checking tires and water, MGM's million dollar mermaid also supplies free hot coffee. (*Now just how cozy can you be!*) One morning a sourpuss drove in for some gas. When his coffee was served, he became indignant. "I never drink coffee without doughnuts," he snorted. Then he drove off in a big, fat huff.

Not satisfied with producing "Johnny Belinda" and other Warner Bros. hits, Jerry Wald has really set a goal for himself. The genial gent has a script and

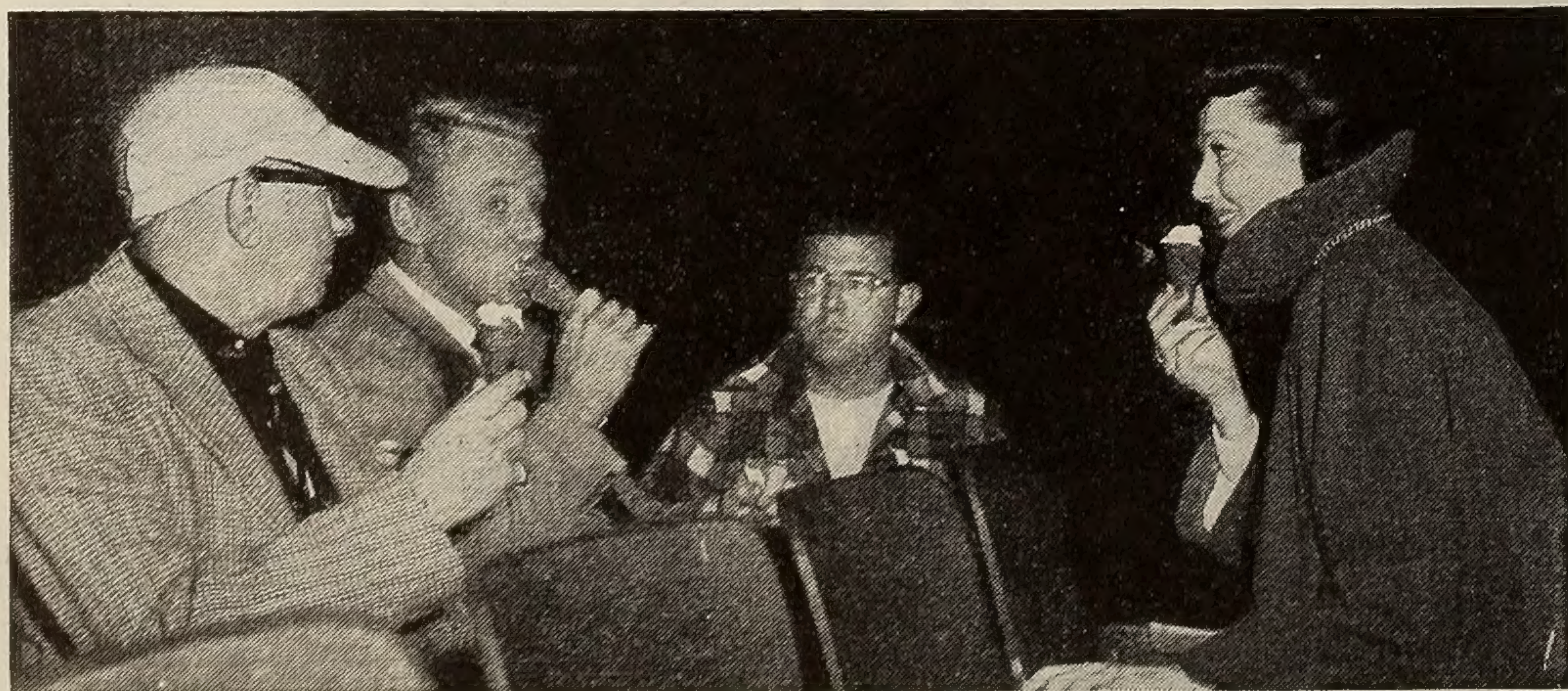
can see only two stars playing the parts. Which two? Roy Rogers and Ingrid Bergman! Nothing less than magic and witchcraft could make this deal possible. With Jerry on the job, we wouldn't be a bit surprised if he performs the miracle.

* * *

Movie queens are now wearing crowns in Hollywood. Hedy Lamarr started the fad when she was late getting to the Ray Milland's cocktail party. For her role in "Samson And Delilah," the Lamarr-velous one wore a miniature crown-shaped hair ornament of pearl. To remove it meant mussing her hair. So Hedy went to the party right from the set and the crown went with her. Her highness never looked



Rudy Vallee, before leaving for East, dines
with Mary Ann Nyberg in Mayfair Room.

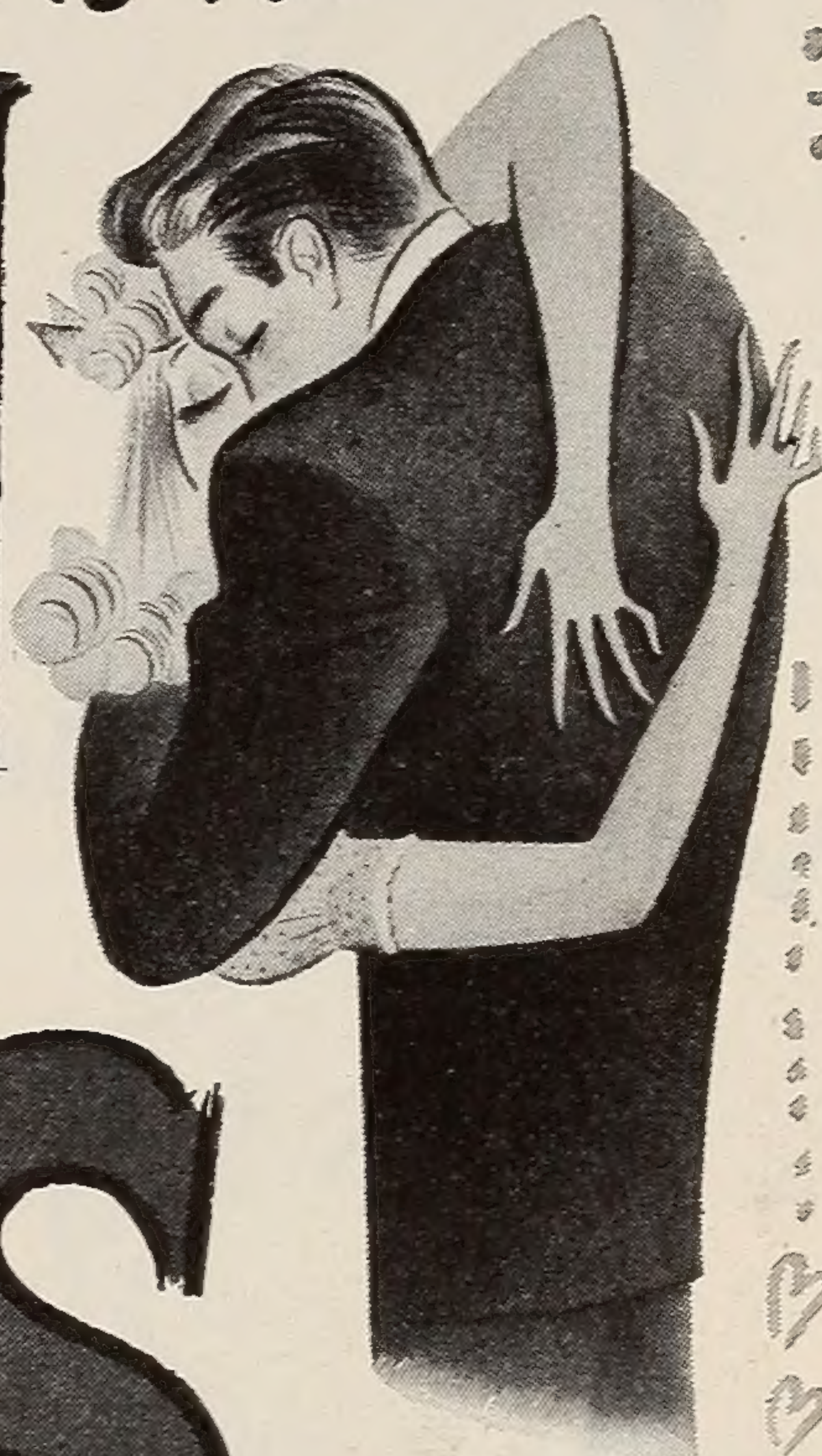


Van Johnson and Loretta Young, co-stars of "Mother Is A Freshman," share ice cream cones with Director Lloyd Bacon between scenes on 20th Century-Fox set.

They're the SCREAM-HEARTS OF 1949!

JOHN LOVES MARY

The story of the ever-lovin' gal who tied her Beau into knots!



WARNER
BROS.
ROMANCIN'
RIOT HAS
THE NATION
IN A ROAR
FROM SHORE
TO SHORE!

IT'S THAT STAGE PLAY ON THE SCREEN WITH
EVERY HUG AND HOWL THAT PANICKED AMERICA!



STARRING

RONALD REAGAN · JACK CARSON



EDWARD ARNOLD · WAYNE MORRIS · VIRGINIA FIELD



AND
INTRODUCING

PATRICIA NEAL



She's the girl LOOK Magazine
chose as "THIS YEAR'S
BIG-TIME SCREEN SUCCESS!"

DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER

Screen Play by Phoebe and Henry Ephron • From the Hit Stage Play by NORMAN KRASNA PRODUCED BY

JERRY WALD



Watch the lads



Admire the Girls



..whose Hair has warm, rich COLOR



★ Don't put up with dull, mousy hair a moment longer. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair the warm, rich color, silken sheen and beautiful highlights that no shampoo alone could possibly give. Absolutely safe, washes out with shampooing.

Remember — when you ask for "Colorinse" — be sure to insist on the genuine NESTLE COLORINSE.

Nestle COLORINSE

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FLATTERING
SHADES



10¢-25¢ AT
ALL COSMETIC
COUNTERS.

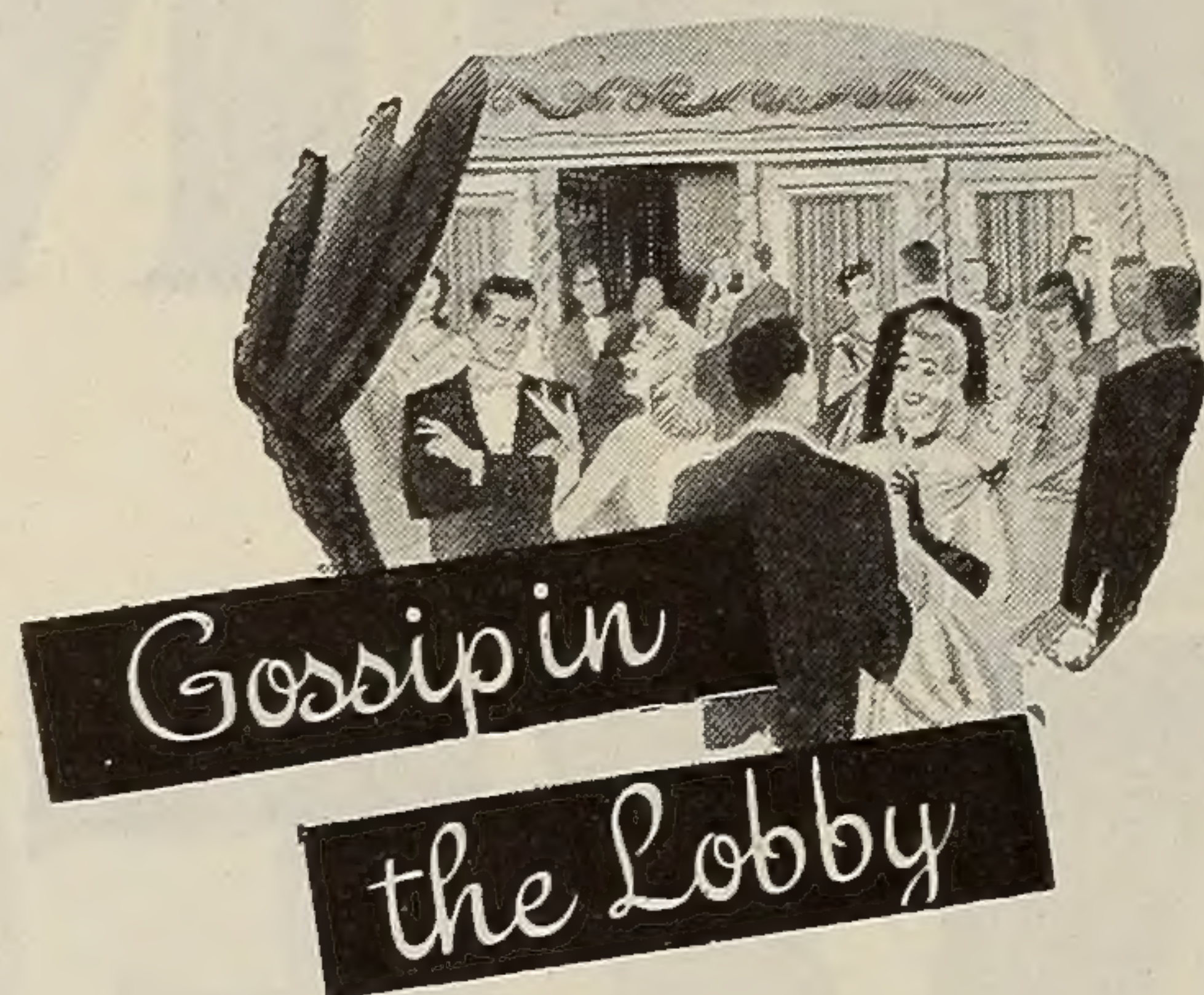
KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately scented Nestle Hair Lacquers keep all styles of hair-dos well groomed. 10¢, 25¢ and 50¢ at all toilet goods counters.

Nestle- originators of permanent waving- Meriden, Conn.



The Danny Kayes in Mayfair Room to see Kay Thompson. Danny's in "Happy Times."



lovelier or more regal in her life.

* * *

Shedding real tears in a dramatic scene for "Top O' The Morning" was no problem for Ann Blyth. But when it came time to turn off the torrent, the prop man had to run for his mop! Bing Crosby finally snapped lovely lil' Annie out of it when he cracked: "Come, come girl. Even Hope's pictures aren't that bad!"

* * *

Paulette Goddard's dinner date at Romanoff's with Greg Bautzer (Burgess Meredith was still in Europe) was merely a friendly reunion. But how about that conversation??? Naturally, neither knew their voices carried over to the

John Garfield and Jane Wyman look at packed house for Radio Theatre show.



Sir Laurence (Hamlet) Olivier and wife, Vivien Leigh, after New Zealand tour.

party in the adjoining booth. They just sat there fascinated (and loving it!) listening to pretty Paulette expound on some of her pet theories. What a gal! What a smart one!

* * *

Loving their four adopted children the way they do, it was a sacrifice for the Bob Hopes to go to Germany for Christmas. But it was more important to entertain our G. I's. Yes, Bob insisted that his beautiful wife be in the act, too. The former Dolores Reed can really sing. Her voice with that fascinating throb is warm and sweet, just as she is. Bob's a lucky guy, in more ways than one.

* * *

You know him as the cool, calm and collected Henry Fonda. He was anything but, when he attended the monthly meeting of the Greenwich, Connecticut, Parent Teacher's Association. His son is attending school there, while Hank is playing in "Mister Roberts" on Broadway. Well, there were 75 more fond parents present—and not a single father! The room rocked with applause when he walked in. Mr. F. still doesn't remember what came out in that speech he made!

* * *

Get a load of Jimmy Stewart. His Hollywood pals have always ribbed him,

William Holden and wife, Brenda Marshall, dining at Beverly-Wilshire.





Walter Slezak, with his wife and three children, takes off from Van Nuys, California, in his four-seater plane for visit to family farm in Pennsylvania. Walter's now in "Happy Times."

because he's so skinny his clothes look like they were held on with thumb tacks! So what happens? Jimmy's just been named one of the ten best dressed men of the nation. He's having the last laugh now—and Gloria McLean is right in there sharing it with him.

* * *

This is a "trade" secret, but we'll let you in on it. When you see Ray Milland (on loanout to 20th Century-Fox) in "It Happens Every Spring," he may look different to you, and there's a good reason. Ray plays a baseball player. Someone decided his grey temples made him look too dignified, so he had to dye them dark. Personally, we like the old way best.

* * *

Favorite story of the month: Richard Widmark and Boris Karloff went to the same party but no one introduced them. Finally, movieland's Number One Monster walked over, extended his hand to Richard, and said: "I admire you on the screen very much. I guess you're about the meanest man I know! Next to me!"

* * *

Well, we finally lived to see the day when the inimitable Groucho Marx was convulsed by someone else. It was for a scene in "It's Only Money." Towering Jane Russell was supposed to walk over

and slap Frank Sinatra on the back. When the "blow" struck, Frankie boy's knees almost buckled! Groucho laughed so hard, he almost swallowed his famous cigar!

* * *

It happened in Hollywood—again. Bill Shirley was around for years and couldn't get a break. Reluctantly, he finally agreed to dub Mark Stevens' singing voice in "Oh You Beautiful Doll." Bill wasn't very happy about it. There was no screen credit, he wouldn't even be seen. Then Producer Georgie Jessel asked him to sing at a dinner for Darryl F. Zanuck. Bill

sang. Mr. Z. listened and immediately signed him up. Bill's dubbing days are over, and how!

* * *

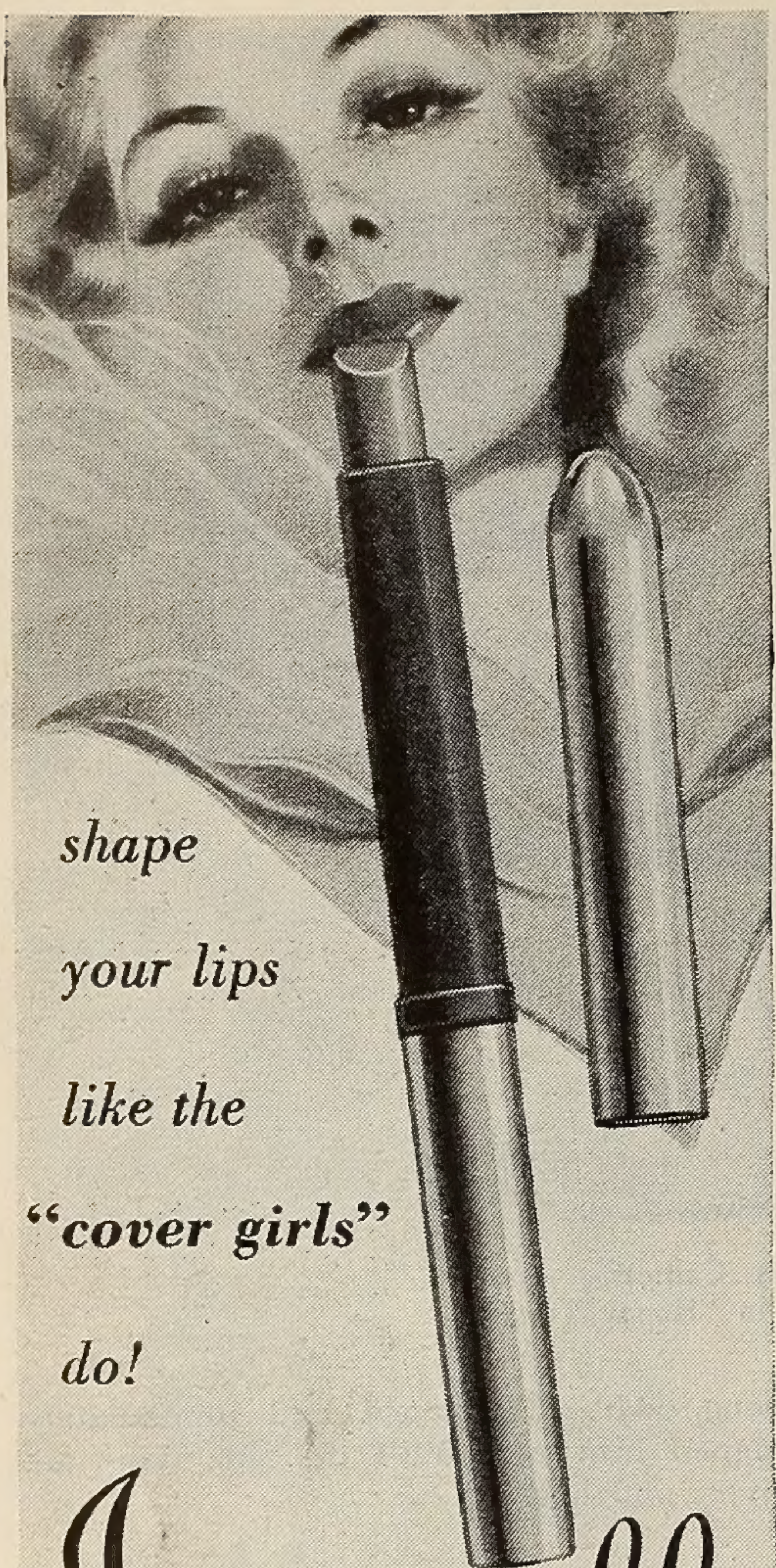
Garbo a has been? Don't let Robert Cummings hear you say it! Ever since he announced he was going to make a picture with the great Greta, he hasn't had a peaceful moment. Letters pour in daily, from young fans who have never seen the sensational Swede, requests for photographs, offers to work free if they can just be on the set. Bob finally had to hire an extra secretary. Thus contin-

Gail Russell demonstrates the art of back-scratching on Dennis O'Keefe, with whom she co-stars in the United Artists release, "The Great Dan Patch."



Wild Bill Elliott being nonchalant over Adrian Booth's kiss in "The Last Bandit."





shape
your lips
like the
"cover girls"
do!

Irresistible

NEW, LONGER
LIPSTICK

*Professional
size... only 39¢*

For the beautifully shaped lips men admire, try softer, smoother Irresistible Lipstick in the new long "make-up-artist" case of mock-gold metal. WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... smoother.



At all cosmetic counters

Put a love song
in his heart!
Tonight, use
**IRRESISTIBLE
PERFUME**

10c and 25c sizes

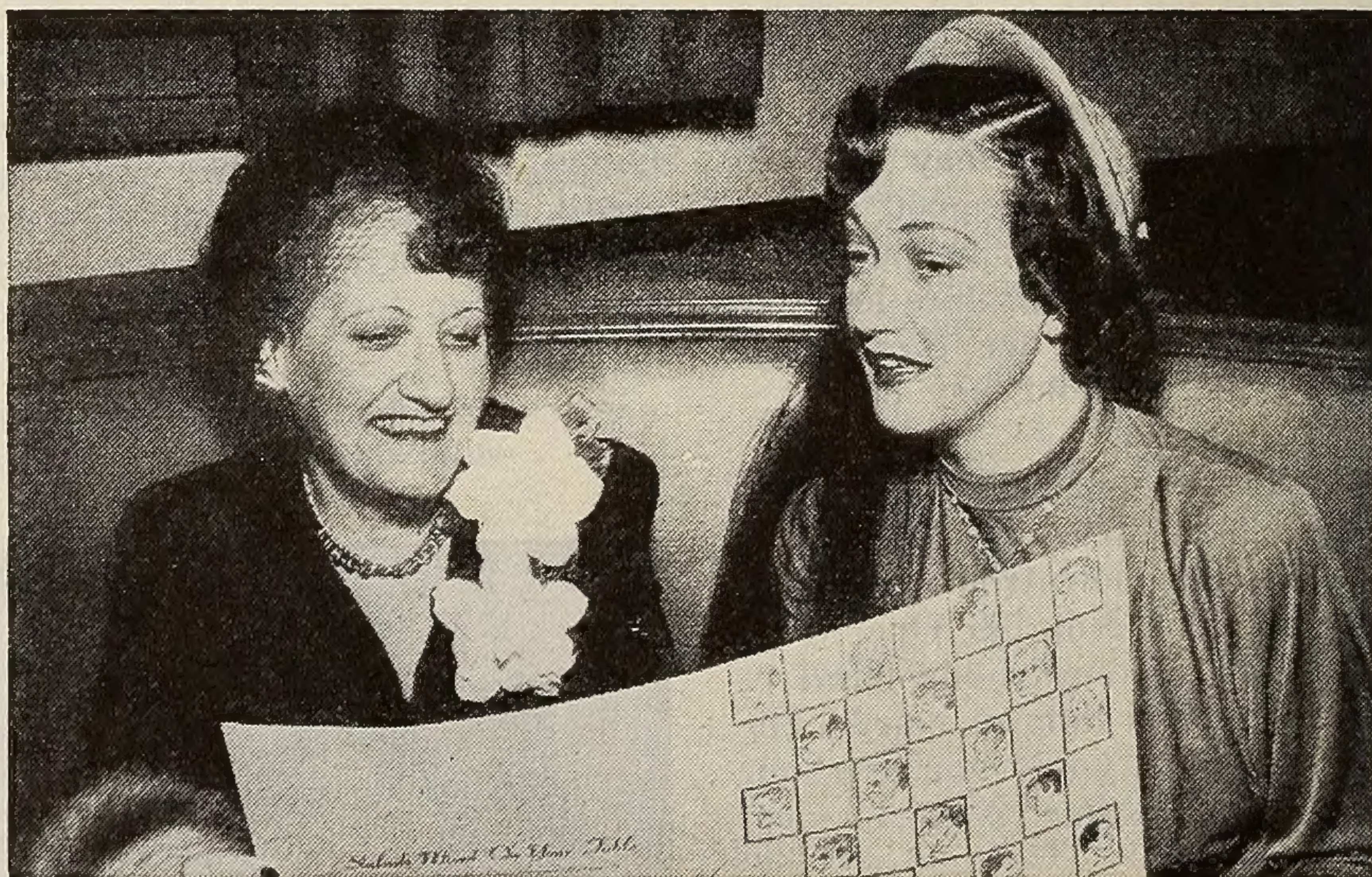


ues the Garbo legend.

Those close to him are really worried about Gregory Peck. No actor in Hollywood has worked as consistently, or as hard. While making "The Great Sinner," for thirteen weeks he was up every morning before dawn. He never got home at night before seven or eight. We join his many friends in hoping he'll insist on a rest.

Here's one for Mr. Ripley. Believe it or not, Paul Lukas searched all over the United States for the "right" dentist. But for a very special reason. Just before he started "I Married A Communist," Paul brought his aging Hungarian mother to this country. She was in need of serious dental work that required great explanation. Rather than chance an interpreter, Paul searched for a dentist who could speak Hungarian. He finally found him in—Cleveland!

Linda Darnell, looking particularly luscious, is a night club entertainer in "Slattery's Hurricane."



Dorothy Lamour having lunch with her mother at the Hollywood Brown Derby.



Colleen Townsend and Ronald Colman on NBC's "Hollywood Star Theatre."



Rory Calhoun and his bride, Lita Baron, in the Mayfair Room. Rory's in "When A Man's A Man."



"I think she's guilty..."

"I'm afraid she's guilty..."

"I know she's guilty..."

"I want the truth!"

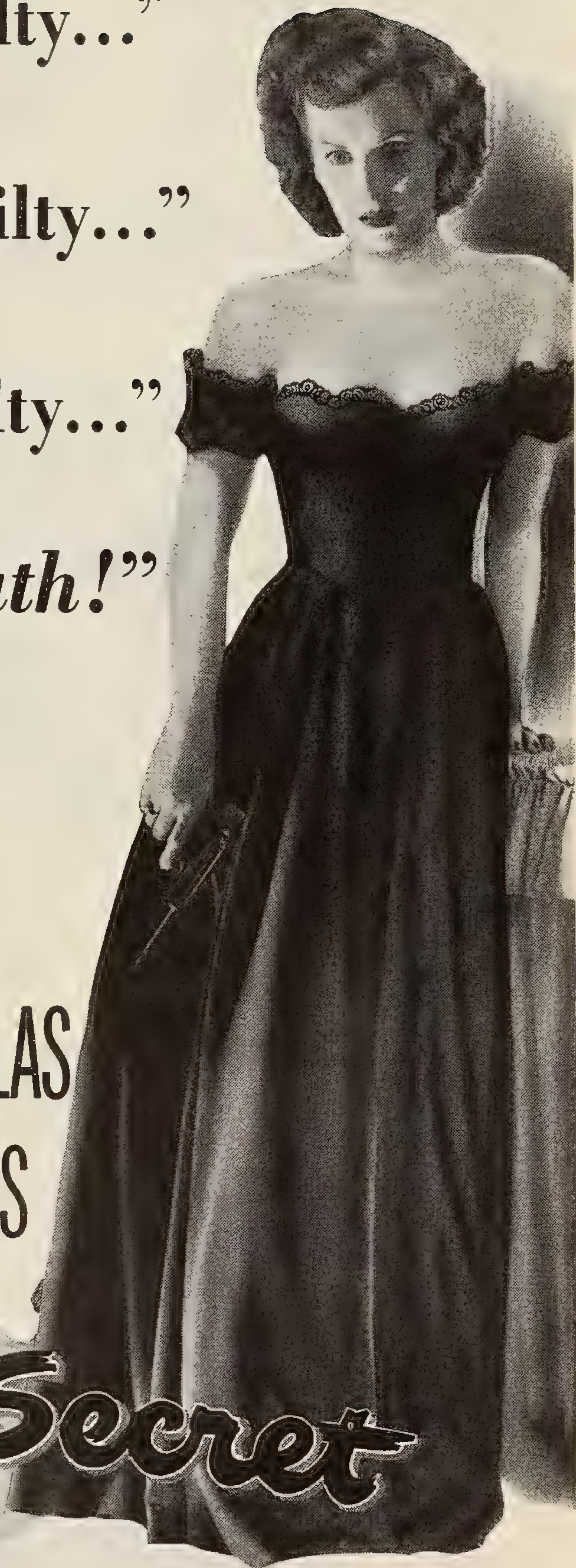
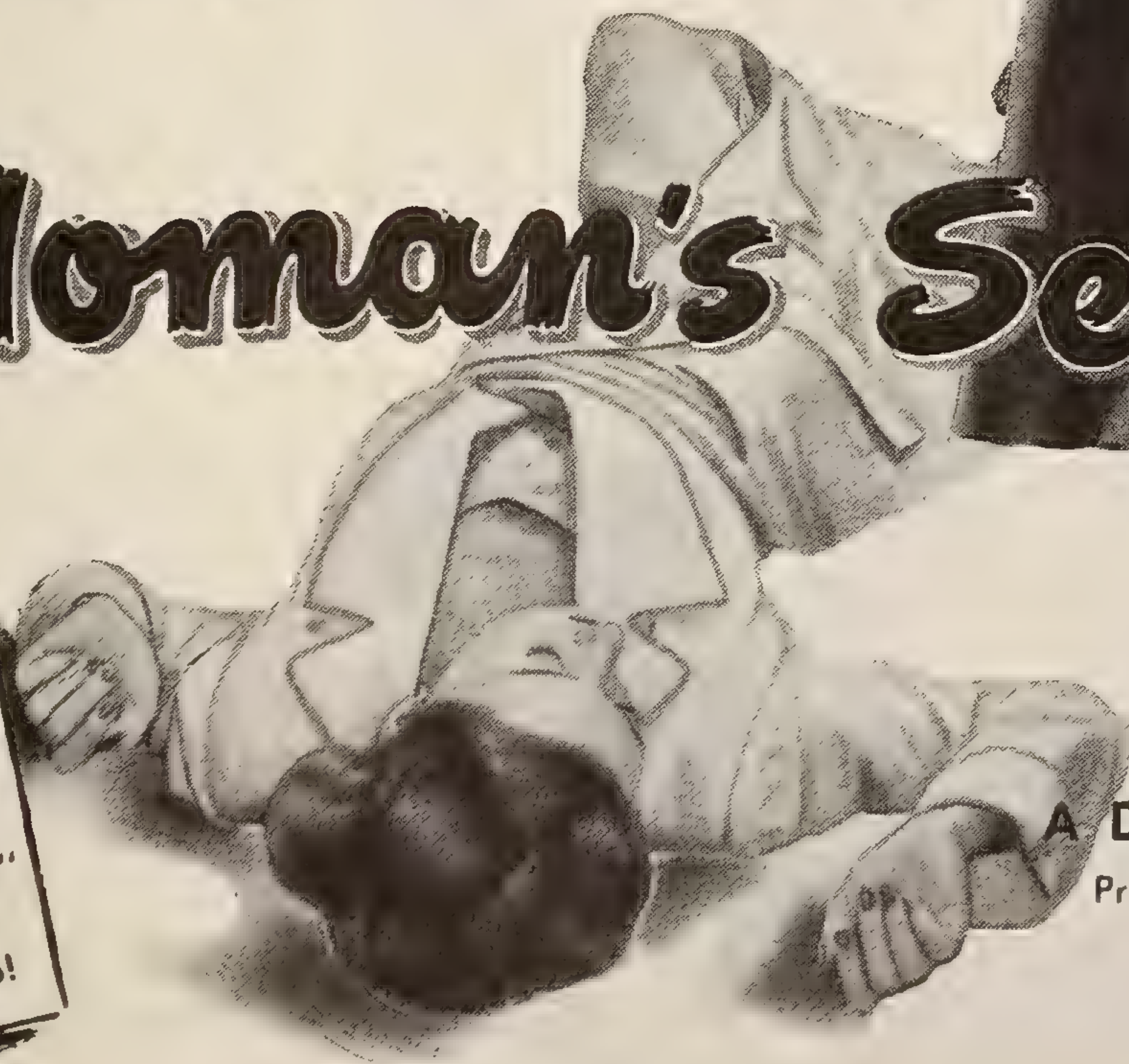
A shot was fired behind the closed door! A fatal confession made! Yet, the secret truth lies buried deep in the breast of the lovely victim . . . together with the bullet that struck her down!

MAUREEN O'HARA · MELVYN DOUGLAS
GLORIA GRAHAME · BILL WILLIAMS

in

A Woman's Secret

Vicki Baum knows women! In this story, based on her best-seller, "Mortgage on Life" she explores the souls of two!



with

VICTOR JORY · MARY PHILIPS
JAY C. FLIPPEN

A DORE SCHARY Presentation

Produced by HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ

Directed by NICHOLAS RAY

Screen Play by HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ



Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

By
Helen Hendricks



Kirk Douglas, Ann Sothorn, Jeanne Crain, Paul Douglas in "Letter To Three Wives," 20th Century-Fox drama of how a letter threatens three marriages.



In "Enchantment," David Niven is reminded of his own youthful love by Evelyn Keyes.

Letter To Three Wives

20th Century-Fox

THIS is a potent drama of how three suburban wives react when they learn that each of their husbands is a potential, and secret, candidate for the affections of another woman. The picture is unique because you never see "the other woman," but from flashbacks and her voice you gather she's quite the gal. The wives are: Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain and Ann Sothorn—the husbands: Kirk Douglas, Jeffrey Lynn and Paul Douglas. While the story is a standout in every way, the qualities which will impress you most are the numerous touches of comedy and the excellent manner in

which Paul Douglas, a newcomer to the screen, handles his role of the gruff business tycoon married to Linda.

The plot takes form when the three wives receive a jointly-addressed letter from the unseen siren saying that one of the husbands has run off with her. Because each of the wives has a reason to believe it's her husband, the Mesdames Darnell, Crain and Sothorn put in some emotional moments until they learn otherwise. The recalcitrant husband isn't identified until the last scene—and what a scene it is! Strangely enough, the highly romantic honors go to the couple you'd least suspect—and that's what probably makes "Letter To Three Wives" so wonderful.

Enchantment

Goldwyn

HERE'S one of those charmingly different love stories which unfortunately only happen every now and then in the movies. It's about two people in love who, because of misunderstanding, parted and how through their love another couple, a generation later, were brought together. Teresa Wright and David Niven play the lovers who separated years and years ago, and Evelyn Keyes and Farley Granger are the two who were almost guilty of the same mistake—but not quite. It's an enjoyable and tender yarn, but since there are numerous and rather complicated flashbacks, it's advisable that you see this right from the beginning.

Chicken Every Sunday

20th Century-Fox

BASED on the play of the same name which had a fair run on Broadway a few years ago, this film becomes excellent movie fare with Dan Dailey and Celeste Holm in the main roles as the couple who run an Arizona boarding house in the early 1900's. In addition to family problems, such as Dan's inability to stay put in any one business, there are a number of strange but likeable characters who inhabit the boarding house. One of the funnier situations develops out of Celeste's belief that an incandescent romance is going on between two of her boarders. Nostalgic and well-done, this is top family entertainment.

Words And Music

(Musical-Technicolor)
MGM

IT SEEMS that no composer's life is safe from the prying eye of John Q. Public anymore, and just to prove as much, MGM has now come up with the semi-biography of the late Larry Hart. Known to all as the lyricist of the Rodgers and Hart musical team, Hart, who died an untimely death at the age of 47, is enthusiastically played by Mickey Rooney. And if that isn't enough—just get a load of the cast: Tom Drake, Perry Como, Ann Sothorn, June Allyson, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Lena Horne and many, many others. In addition to such star attractions, the picture is jam-packed with sparkling tunes and musical



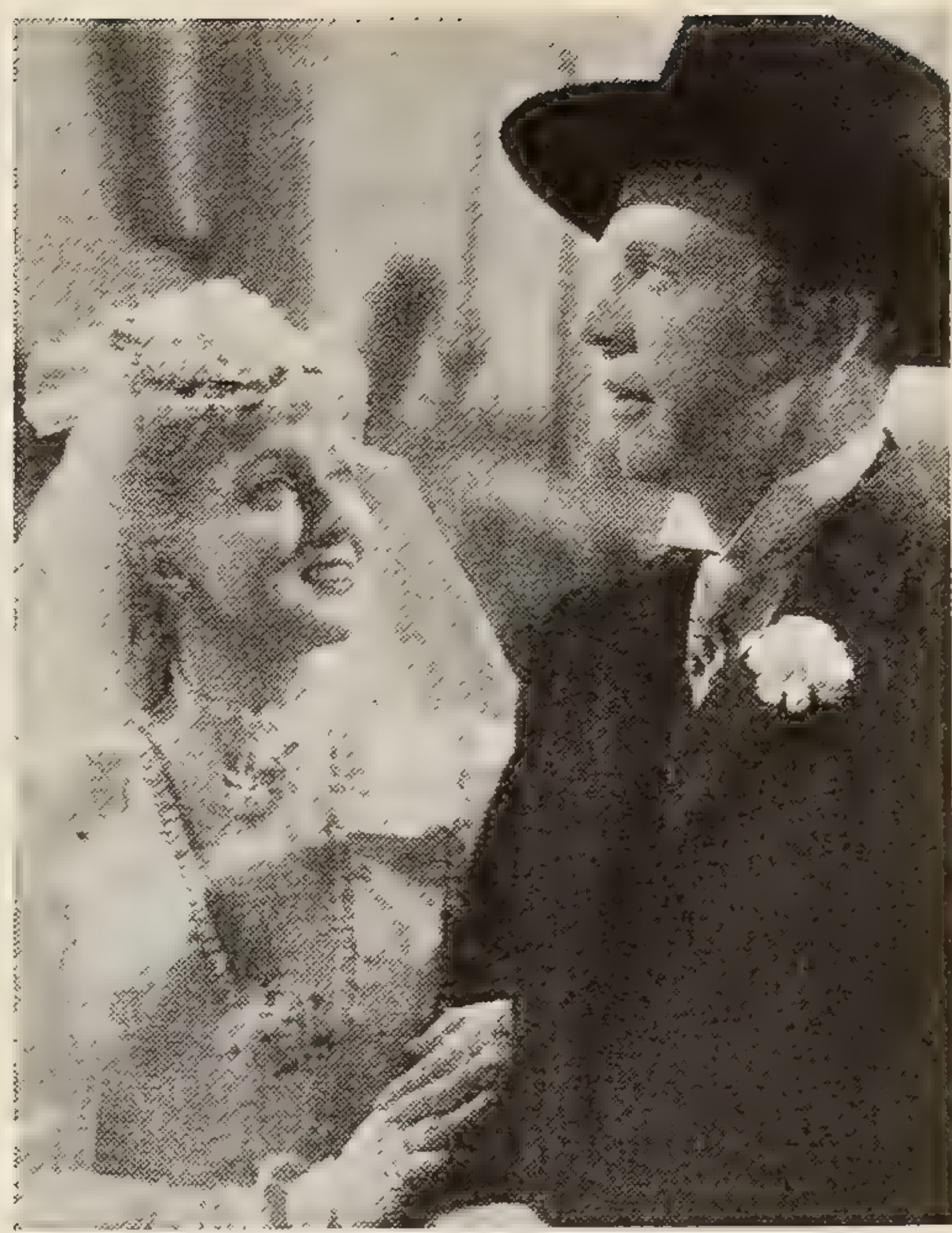
The main ambition of Betsy Drake, a salesgirl in RKO's "Every Girl Should Marry," is to capture Cary Grant, a doctor and very cagey bachelor.



Alan Hale, Jr., Don DeFore, Ben Blue, Dennis Morgan in "One Sunday Afternoon."



Frank Sinatra goes for Kathryn Grayson in a big way in "The Kissing Bandit."



In "Chicken Every Sunday," wedding bells ring out for Celeste Holm and Dan Dailey.

numbers—so you pays your money, and you can't miss but get its full worth.

Every Girl Should Be Married

RKO

INTRODUCING a new star, Betsy Drake, this is no doubt one of the most humorous pictures you'll be seeing this year. The meat of the matter is mainly about the constant war between the sexes and the strategic battle a young, starry-eyed girl puts up to ensnare an eligible bachelor, Cary Grant. A department store employee, Betsy finally finds her "dream man" and on the theory that no holds are barred in husband-hunting, she pursues him like crazy. Her attack is planned with the daring of a general, the guile of a DuBarry and the tenacity of treacle—that plus a few other feminine tricks which eventually have baby-doctor Cary hanging on the ropes. Further contributions to the general hilarity are capably handled by Diana Lynn, Franchot Tone and Eddie Albert—and one last word: Men should not be permitted to see this!

So Dear To My Heart

(Musical-Technicolor)
Disney

RIGHT at the head of the class is this Disney production based on the story about a boy, Bobby Driscoll, and his pet lamb, *Danny*—a mischief-maker if ever there was one. The lad daydreams that *Danny* will win the first prize at the county fair, but *Danny* almost spoils everything by running away and getting Luana Patten lost. However, everything ends happily, but not before *Granny*, Beulah Bondi, gives the lad some fine homespun talkin' to, and Burl Ives does a lot of mighty fine singing. Although this is only about 20% cartoon, youngsters and adults will enjoy every minute of it. Incidentally, the late Harry Carey is seen in his last screen stint as the kindly, understanding judge of the county fair.

That Wonderful Urge

20th Century-Fox

A BRIGHT comedy hit about a reporter, Tyrone Power, who trails a society heiress, Gene Tierney, to a ski resort so he can get more material for the series of unflattering articles he's doing about her. Gene goes for Ty in a big way, but when she discovers he's a reporter, she counters by telling the newspapers they are married—a falsehood, if there is any doubt. Ty loses his job, and has a very hectic time trying to prove Gene has made up the entire thing to get even with him. There's a jail scene, a bedroom scene in which Ty roughs up Gene, and a scene where Ty breaks up a party by giving a lurid description of his no-account ancestry. Romance and mayhem—ahem!

The Kissing Bandit

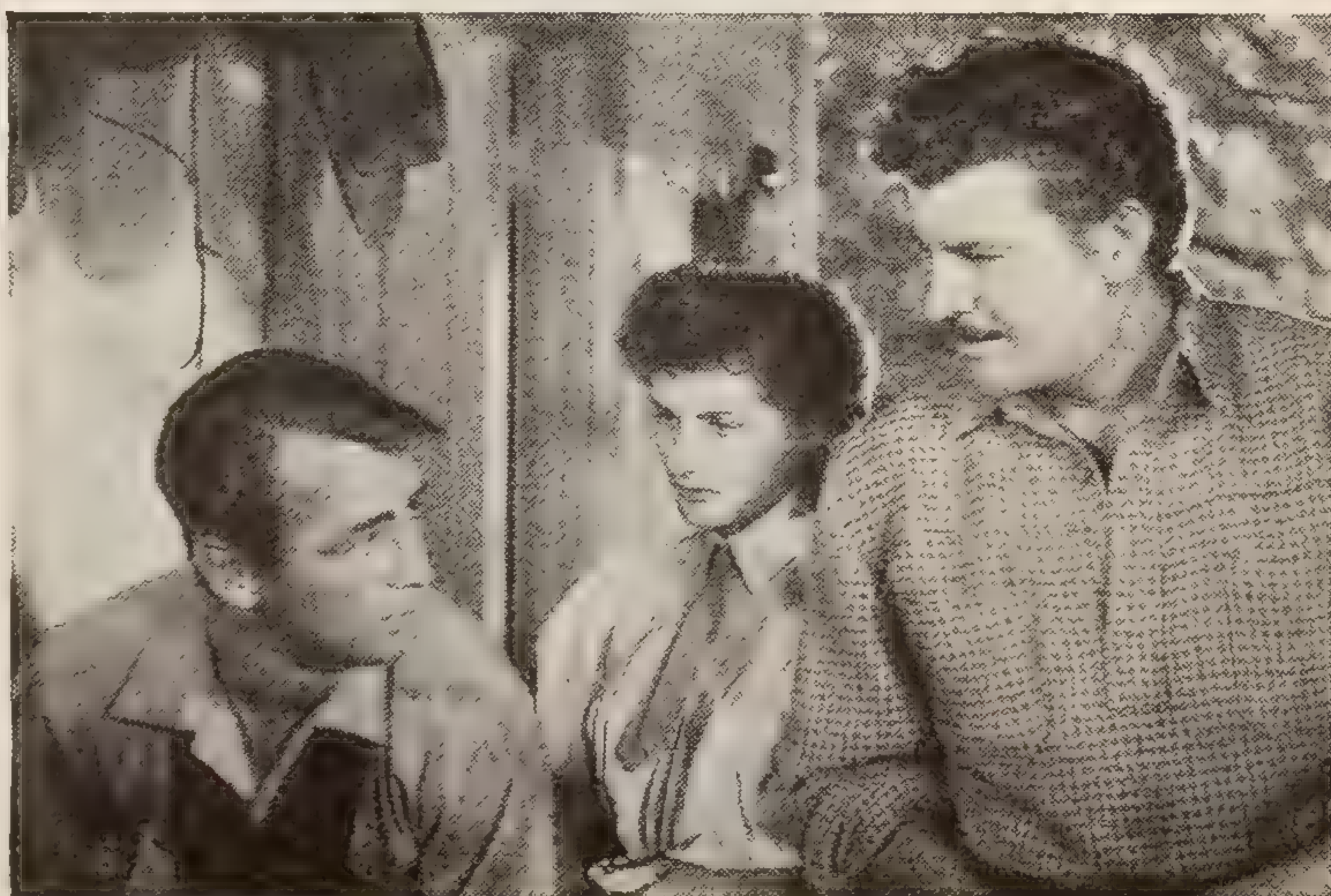
(Musical-Technicolor)
MGM

PLAYING a character known and feared throughout the countryside of old Californ-i-a, Frank Sinatra does a nice workman-like job of showing how not to act if you're a bandit. Arriving from Boston to take over his father's inn, Frankie is horrified to learn that his

dear departed papa was the notorious "kissing bandit." Not only that, but papa's loyal followers, especially J. Carroll Naish, expect Frankie to follow in his father's footsteps. In fact, he's forced to become the second edition of the bandit. Fortunately, his first victim is the daughter of the governor of California, Kathryn Grayson, and he promptly falls in love with her, and vice versa. They have their troubles, of course—Frankie can't scale a balcony wall, ride a horse, and he never kissed a girl before. It definitely is a light, gay bit of whimsy with a liberal



Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten in Walt Disney's "So Dear To My Heart."



There's excitement galore in Paramount's super-duper Western, "Whispering Smith." Alan Ladd, Brenda Marshall and Robert Preston are starred.

Instantly...

**make YOUR lips
more thrilling!**



Easy to Use

**New Beautiful Color for Lips
Can't Rub Off!**

Here's the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A 'lipstick,' at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever!

And it is **so permanent.**

Put it on at dusk

—it stays till dawn or longer. You can use it to prevent cream lipstick from smearing, too. Just brush on a coat of Liquid Liptone after lipstick. You'll love it.



And **CHEEKTONE . . .**

Roses in your cheeks without rouge! A "miracle" preparation. The effect is absolutely natural and lovely. Lasts all day.



Liquid Liptone

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

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Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. Tax) for each as checked:

- ☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
- ☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- ☐ Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- ☐ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- ☐ English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.
- ☐ Clear (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smearproofs
- ☐ CHEEKTONE—"Magic" natural color.

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City _____ State _____

"That Wonderful Urge," a romantic comedy, stars Gene Tierney, Tyrone Power.

sprinkling of catchy tunes sung by Kathryn and Frankie.

One Sunday Afternoon

(Musical-Technicolor)

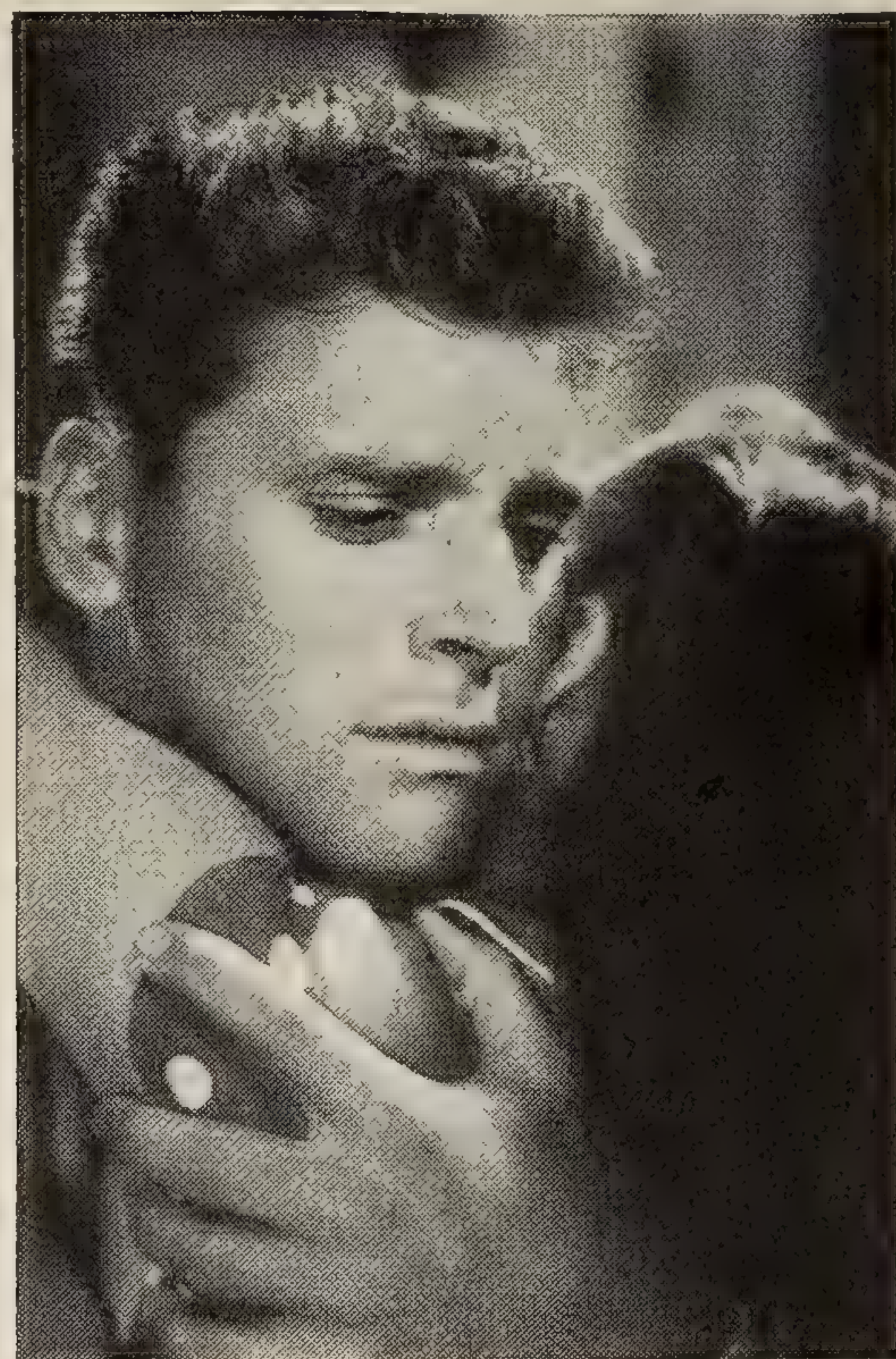
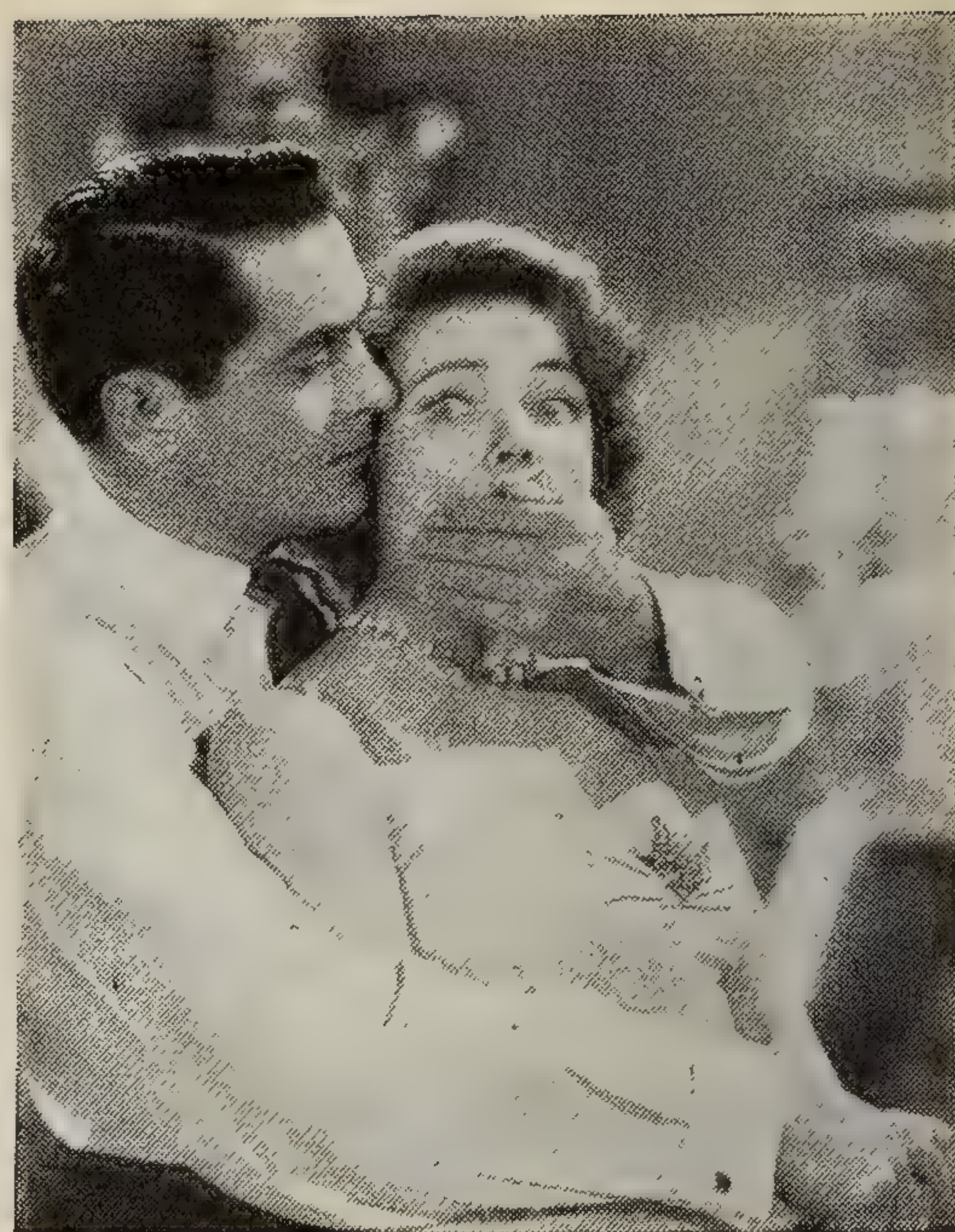
Warner Brothers

WITH Don DeFore, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige and Dorothy Malone in the leading roles, this concerns itself with the shenanigans and love life of this particular foursome. The setting is New York, at the turn of the century. In love with Janis Paige, a lovely strawberry blonde dish, Dennis Morgan is crushed and shattered (*emotionally, that is*) when Janis winds up marrying a slick character, Don DeFore. However, the passing of years show that Dennis wasn't so unfortunate after all, because Janis turns out to be one of those nagging wives. Costumes, music and color help this along considerably.

John Loves Mary

Warner Brothers

A CONTRIVED farce about a returned G.I., Ronald Reagan, who gets his love life with his fiancée, Patricia Neal, complicated by marrying an English girl. It's a marriage in name only. Reagan could think of no other way to bring the girl to the United States and into the arms of her lost love—his war buddy, Jack Carson. It seemed very simple at first, but Ronald hadn't reckoned on Jack's getting married in the meantime, and the fact that Ronald's fiancée wants to get married immediately doesn't help matters any, either. The situation gets more and more complicated when Ronald tries to cover up his marriage—and frankly, it looks as though he'll never get things set straight. If it wasn't for Wayne Morris' unwitting solution to the (*Please turn to page 72*)



Below: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney do a fast routine in "Words And Music."

Above: Burt Lancaster with Yvonne De Carlo in the tense drama, "Criss Cross."



Are you in the know?



How to cope with a cowlick —

- ☐ Fight it
- ☐ Favor it
- ☐ Forget it

Ornery critters—cowlicks. You can neither take 'em or leave 'em. But if you favor a cowlick by parting the hair directly into the center of that stubborn tuft—it behaves! There's another smart plan you can favor, at certain times. That's trying all 3 *absorbencies* of Kotex—to find the one just right for *you*. Regular, Junior and Super are designed for different girls, different days. Why not be sure to have a Kotex napkin that's very personally yours?



What "new note" does this coat bring?

- ☐ Back interest
- ☐ A break for tall teens
- ☐ Another beauty ritual

Each answer is correct. The coat shown has new "back interest," styling that flatters "glamazons." The new beauty ritual? Neck care! That collar-rubbing means extra scrubbing and softening (with lotion) to save your neck. Back interest in *dresses* is often a matter of eye-catching *trimming*, rather than flare. So on "those" days, choose the napkin that prevents telltale outlines! With those special, *flat pressed ends* of Kotex, you're smooth—from any view!



While someone's 'phoning, should friends —

- ☐ Go dumb
- ☐ Keep talking
- ☐ Comment on the conversation

During a get-together, if a keen dean gets a buzz—don't let your conversation lapse. You may think it's polite, but *he'll* think you're listening! So keep up the charmin' chatter (tuned low) and spare the buzz boy needless blushes. Embarrassment is always needless, for clever girls—on calendar days. Because with the *extra* protection of Kotex, "accident" worries say bye-bye—thanks to Kotex' exclusive *safety center*. Keeps your confidence shatter-proof!



Which square dance is he calling?

- ☐ Birdie in the Cage
- ☐ Address Partners
- ☐ Dosey-do

How about giving a square dance party! Scene: your home (playroom preferred!). Music: courtesy of folk dance discs or the crowd's own vocal cords. First, learn the steps and calls—such as "Birdie in the

Cage" (see picture above). Don't let difficult days keep you "caged," when Kotex can free you from discomfort. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*. You're ready for *every* gay fray!



More women choose **KOTEX**^{*} than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

SCREENLAND

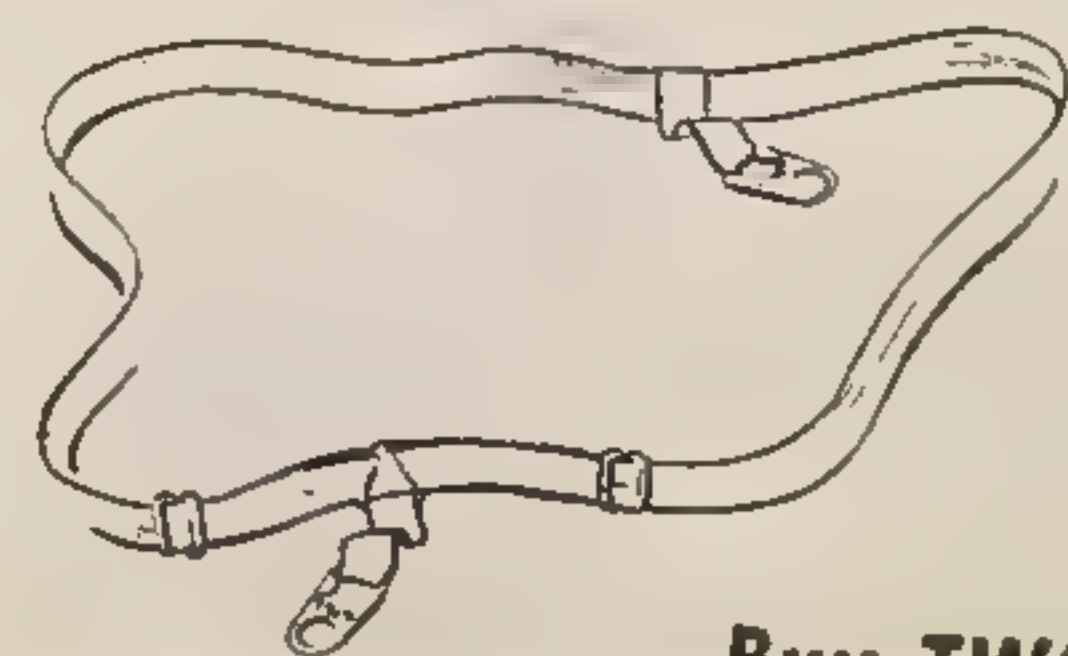


When buying sanitary needs, should you —

- ☐ Wait 'til next time
- ☐ Buy a new sanitary belt
- ☐ Buy 2 sanitary belts

After a bout with the daily grind, you welcome a shower . . . a change to fresh togs. Of course! But to make your daintiness complete, on "those" days you'll want a fresh sanitary belt. You'll need two Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a change.

Remember, the *Kotex Belt* is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You'll find your adjustable Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. (It's all-elastic.) So—for extra comfort, choose the new Kotex Sanitary Belt, and buy *two—for a change!*



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Buy TWO—by name!



His Fate Is In Your Hands

Patricia Neal, of "The Fountainhead," knows the medieval cuffline adds glamour to hands.



A beautiful wrist is as relaxed as Barbara Bates', whose next film is "Happy Times."



Eleanor Parker, scheduled for "These Many Years," likes her nails trim, neat.

IT IS fascinating to pause for a moment and reflect how much of yourself your hands reveal. They are like the index to a book, a guide to what you may find between the covers. And they reflect you from three angles, from how they look, how you use them and what you create or do with them. As a point of attraction, their influence is often minimized by the owner but not by the observer.

Here, at the ending of Winter, is an ideal time to look at your hands objectively and consider how you can center a great force of attraction in them. For the daily wear and tear tell now in skin texture and condition of nails.

Basically, your hands, like your hair, skin and eyes, reflect good health and spirits, or the lack of them. So to make you look prettier all over and to make you feel alert and sparkling, there is nothing like giving your diet the once-over. Fresh fruit and fruit juices, salads and the green and yellow vegetables, plus milk, are the most satisfying means to those extra vitamins that you undoubtedly need just now. Another point that the girls usually need a checkup on is water. Women drink far less than men, and a winter-dehydrated system needs moisture. Add to this list sufficient sleep, fresh air and exercise, and you are ready for the more glamorous aspects of lovely hands. These come from bottles and jars, are silky to the touch, sweet to the smell.

Hand lotions and creams, pretty and sweet-scented, are old familiars to you,

The touch of your hand is a subtle, magnetic power—in friendship, romance, love

By Courtenay Marvin



Argyles, plus beauty, by Janis Paige, next playing in "The Younger Brothers."

The beautiful hands of Jean Heather, now in "Red Stallion Of The Rockies."

but their consistent use, at regular intervals that suit your daily routine, is the thing that shows in soft, smooth skin, not the sporadic thorough use today and not a touch for another week. Cream or lotion is a matter of taste for both have the same ultimate purpose. So keep your favorites literally at hand. Bathroom, kitchen and desk drawer are the strategic places for most of us. Their use *preceding* a task is just as important as their use following a hand washing, and one fine lotion is specifically designed for this "before" use. By use before a task, you protect. By use after, you correct. Two other thoughts that keep hand beauty up to par are towel moulding of cuticle whenever you dry your hands and the using-up on hands of any face cream left on your palms after the facial ritual. The towel moulding is an old, old beauty secret, popular long before the days of "Gone With The Wind," and is simply a gentle pushing back of cuticle with a towel as you dry your hands. Drying the hands thoroughly prevents much roughness and chapping, especially when they are immediately exposed to wind or cold.

Correct manicure procedure is pretty well known, but here are pertinent reminders.

Avoid shaping nails too closely at sides. Leave a very tiny fraction of white here. This gives the center of the nail, the portion that takes the bumps, a little leverage and decreases a tendency to break.

Always apply polish upward from cuticle in long, sweeping strokes. If you mess up nail, use your remover and start all over again.

Two coats of polish look prettier and wear longer than one. The second should be applied after the first is dry. A clear finishing coat is further beauty insurance.

Keep your nail shape in harmony with



your hand shape and with the tasks your hands perform. The "leisure" nails may be longer than those of the busy bee.

If the happy prospect of an engagement diamond is before you, consider the shape of your hand in relation to the style of ring you want. Avoid too many rings. Good fashion dictates one or none before you're engaged, and after, the engagement ring replacing the one that may

have been worn before, then in this order, wedding ring, engagement ring and perhaps later a guard ring.

If you punctuate your conversation with hand gestures, then it would be better to tie them behind you until you learn to make words and tone express yourself completely. There is nothing quite so disturbing as the girls whose
(Please turn to page 71)



Lynn Bari, of "The Spiritualist," considers diet the beginning of beauty.



Dorothy Malone's hands rest serenely. She is next in "South Of St. Louis."



Joan Greenwood, appearing in "Lord Byron," likes just one beautiful ring.

Bob "Family Man" Hope

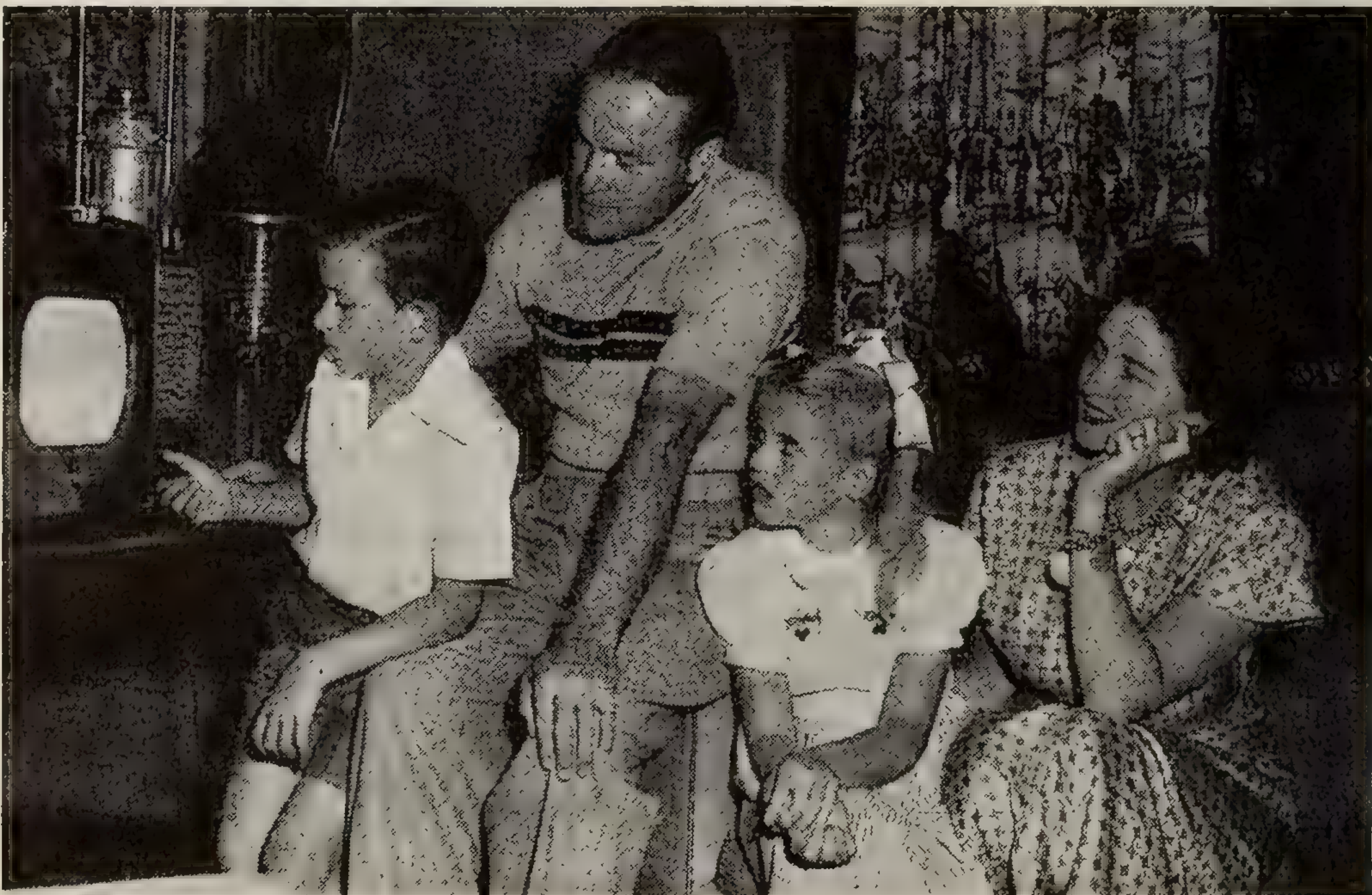
BOB HOPE, next to be seen in "Sorrowful Jones," is such a busy guy that people frequently forget he even has a family. Not Bob, however. Every time he wangles a day off for himself, he heads for his home in North Hollywood to spend it with his wife, Dolores, and their four kids, Linda, 9, Tony, 8, and Nora and Kelly, who are both three. Bob and Dolores first met on Broadway and have been married for sixteen years.



Dolores, Tony, Linda and Bob, along with the family dog and cat, pose for a portrait. Bob has lots of energy, but he has to step to keep up with Linda and Tony.



Dolores used to sing in musical comedies, but now harmonizes only with Bob.



With the little ones, Nora and Kelly, tucked away in bed, Bob and Dolores and the two older children settle down to a quiet evening, watching television programs.



Bob and Dolores with their youngsters in the garden of their beautiful home. Bob loves his home and family; wishes he had more free time to spend with them.



Once an amateur slugger, Bob likes to teach Tony how to take care of himself.



Producer David O. Selznick, his star, Jennifer Jones, and his two sons, Jeffrey and Daniel, entering Pan Pacific Auditorium. Jennifer is now in "Rough Sketch."

NEWSREEL

Bob Crosby visits his brother Bing in his dressing room at Paramount during the making of "Top O' The Morning." It's their first photograph together in 16 years.



Paul Douglas dining with his ex-wife, Virginia Field. "Letter To Three Wives" has made him one of the best bets in films.



Ann Miller with Philip Reed at Ohrbach cocktail party. She's in "Kissing Bandit."

Ann Blyth and Roddy McDowall in the Mayfair Room of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel.





Victor Mature and his wife with comic Gene Baylos at the Mocambo. However, the rumors are that the Matures may separate.



Peter Lawford, Ann Sothorn, Producer Joseph Mankiewicz at the Mocambo. Ann is wonderful in Joe's "Letter To Three Wives."

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!



June Allyson and her husband, Dick Powell, talking things over during dinner at Ciro's.

The stars themselves like to discuss what's going on in their town just as much as you do

By Lynn Bowers



Barbara Lawrence being most expressive as she intrigues escort Turhan Bey at Ciro's.



NIGHT life in Hollywood has taken an up-swing of late, due mainly to the fact that the boys who operate those spots have wised up and offered some really super entertainment in return for the \$\$\$\$\$\$\$s the customers part with on their nights away from home and fireside.

—O—

I reckon the plushiest opening the town has seen in years was at the new Mayfair Room of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, when the fabulous Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers took over the room specially whipped up for them. All the celebs in town were working angles to get tables in the greenish-pinkish-grayish room. Some of the luckier ones—Clark Gable, Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs, Petey Lawford, Nora Flynn, Merle Oberon, Greg Bautzer, The Van Johnsons, Shirley Temple and John Agar, Claudette Colbert and Jack Pressman, the Jack Bennys, and even seldom-seen people like

Danny Thomas, MCM comedian, greets Frank Sinatra and his wife, Nancy, at Mocambo. Frank's now starring in "Take Me Out To The Ball Game."



Clark Gable and Van Johnson exchange hearty hellos at the Mocambo. Clark was with the popular Iris Bynum. Van was with his wife, Evie.

Clark and Van are among the stars in the all-male cast of "Command Decision," MGM picture. Van's also in 20th's "Mother Is A Freshman."

Ronnie and Benita Colman, the Fred Astaires and the Randy Scotts, to name a few dozen. Kay and the boys are drawing bigger than when they set Hollywood back on its heels at Ciro's last year—partly because more people can get into the Mayfair Room, also as a result of their act hitting the big time in New York.

—O—

Just as popular with the locals who make

a part-time career of smoking out entertainment was Florence Desmond's stay at the famous Cocanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel. Desie is, in a way, England's answer to our having sent so many of our stars to London's Palladium. And a mighty good answer she is, too. When she does her uncanny impressions of Claudette Colbert, Tallulah Bankhead, Betty Hutton, Marlene Dietrich, Bette Davis and Hildegard you'd bet your life you were seeing those

gals themselves instead of the deft and talented Desie.

—O—

Morton Downey brought Hollywood to Ciro's in flocks and coveys to hear his enchanting ballads. Joan Bennett, the Irish thrush's ex-sister-in-law, came to hear him several times. Closing night Joan Crawford, with Charles Feldman, did a jitterbug routine and also sang a number, much (Please turn to page 53)

Horace Schmidlapp, former husband of the late Carole Landis, amusing Helen Walker, of "My Dear Secretary," at the Mocambo.

Bob Hope and his wife having dinner at La Rue's. He's just finished "Easy Does It," with Rhonda Fleming, at Paramount.



Joan Crawford, starring
in the Warner Brothers
picture, "Flamingo Road"



Like Working With

BING CROSBY

Rhonda Fleming, his leading lady in "A Connecticut Yankee," gives all the details

By Maude Cheatham

AS THE romantic heroine who shares honors with Bing Crosby in his new film, "A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court," Rhonda Fleming won the acting plum of the season.

"I was always hoping for my big break," said Rhonda. "So you can imagine how excited I was when I learned I was being considered for the glamorous *Alisande* in this medieval drama. A Crosby picture, very elaborate and all done up in Technicolor—all this seemed the height of my dreams.

"Finally, I was given a series of tests. But nothing happened. Weeks and weeks dragged by. I kept hearing that dozens of other girls were being interviewed, and that sixteen had been tested, so I about gave up hope. Perhaps this was too good to be true.

"Then one morning, Paramount studio sent word that Bing wanted to make a personal test with me. I was thrilled and all my enthusiasm burst into flame. I had a cold, my eyes looked terrible and my voice was throaty, but I urged myself on, knowing the moment of decision regarding my chances was here at last.

"I had never before met Bing. But he was wonderful. He has the happy faculty for creating a friendly atmosphere and

his merry conversation banished all strain and put me at ease. When they planted a tired-looking blonde wig on my head, which lowered my forehead, I almost lost my nerve. I was certain my minutes were numbered. But Bing merely exclaimed, 'What happened to your hair? I thought it was reddish. Never mind, we'll attend to that later.'

"We went into our test without a script, just *ad libbing*. The joke was on me for I thought this was some kind of a rehearsal. I was completely relaxed and we kidded and chatted about this and that, going on and on with silly nothings. Imagine my dismay when I discovered all this had been recorded, that it was an important sound test!"

Without doubt, Rhonda's ready response to his comedy pleased Bing—she's quick on the trigger and has a lively sense of (*Please turn to page 56*)

Says Rhonda, "I had never before met Bing . . . his merry conversation banished all strain and put me at ease . . . Bing takes his acting seriously and expects everyone else to do so . . . he always appears easy and natural on the screen because he's mastered each and every detail."



So You Want To Act?

Gregory Peck, whose hobby is the theatre, gives pointers for Little Theatre groups

By Marcia Howard

CROSBY loves horses. Astaire loves horses. Bogart loves boats and Gable loves cars. Everybody has a hobby.

Robinson collects Old Masters. Donald Buka collects theatrical letters. Jimmy Cagney collects guns. Paul Henreid collects antique glass. Everybody has to have a collection.

Gregory Peck has a hobby—the theatre. He has a collection—the bruises inflicted by his determination to bring a living theatre to La Jolla and eventually to Beverly Hills.

Ever since The Actors Company was formed by Gregory Peck, Mel Ferrer, Jennifer Jones, Dorothy McGuire and Joe Cotten, Greg has been receiving cartons of fan mail from ambitious thespians everywhere wanting to know how to start a Little Theatre Group in their particular community.

The concern of most of the writers seems to be with the mechanics of costuming and securing the rights to a current Broadway hit. Says Greg, "This is like trying to pick apples before the tree has been planted. Practically no one seems to realize that the first thing a theatrical group *must* have before it is a theatrical group, professional or amateur, is an audience."

A painter may paint a picture, whereupon he is an artist whether anyone ever admits it or not, because he has created a tangible thing. A writer may scribble a book, and he becomes a writer whether the book is ever published or not, because *he* has created four or five pounds of visible copy. Even a seven-day bicycle rider, when separated from. (Please turn to page 58)



Left: Gregory Peck and Anne Baxter in "Yellow Sky," a 20th Century-Fox film. Below: Greg and his wife dining at Ciro's. Below Right: Stephen Peck, two, and his famous dad serve lunch for five little puppies. Greg's also in MGM's "The Great Sinner."



**Evelyn Keyes and Glenn Ford,
currently being starred in
Columbia's "Mr. Soft Touch"**



COBINA WRIGHT'S Gossip of



Cobina Wright and Evie and Van Johnson in the Mayfair Room of the Beverly-Wilshire for the Kay Thompson opening. Hollywood's best-known stars attended this event.



Clark Gable having food and laughs with Iris Bynum at the sumptuous Arnold Kirkeby party. It took Iris and her charm to get Clark to come out of his customary hiding.

NO MATTER how lamb-like the departure of March may be, there is no doubt that the month is coming in like a social lion.

Hollywood hostesses are planning parties, both indoors and out, and guests have ample chance to use both formal dress and casual clothes for the coming social events of the month.

During recent weeks, however, stars have been jumping the gun, for outdoor parties and new spots like Palm Desert and Apple Valley have been getting as big a play as the more established resorts, Palm Springs, Del-Mar and Arrowhead Springs.

Apple Valley, for example, is a new ranch resort just beyond Victorville, California, where so many stars, just to get away from it all, have ranches for rest and relaxation.

THE popular new Apple Valley Inn is a luxurious retreat where your film favorites can find modern comfort combined with rugged Western pleasures. Only last month the Zachary Scotts,

David Niven, Audrey Totter, Cesar Romero, Barbara Bates and her husband, all went up to Apple Valley for a very special party.

The "special" part of the junket was that several of them had found out that this was where Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield, who were just married, were spending their honeymoon. Zachary and David Niven persuaded the others to drive up into the mountains and give the newly married pair an old-fashioned "Chivaree." With bells clanging and horns tooting they did just that, so that while the French star and her handsome husband, who is a Hal Wallis discovery, took it all in good fun, before the weekend was over they began to wish they had simply checked into the Beverly Hills Hotel!

* * *

ONE of the things which particularly delighted the movie crowd about this rustic spot was the fact that while there were telephones installed in all the luxurious bungalows—none of them were connected. Due to the telephone bottle-

Hollywood Parties

neck which has seriously effected rapidly expanding Los Angeles county; the Inn's management had to hit on another communication plan. Instead, they installed pigeons!

Outside of each bungalow there is a pigeon cage and every time you want room service, you simply release a carrier pigeon which has your bungalow number and your written order attached to its leg.

As soon as the bird reaches the main cote at the Inn, *(Please turn to page 69)*

Upper Right: Mrs. Herbert Marshall, Cobina Wright, Mrs. Arnold Kirkeby, the hostess, and Herbert Marshall at the gala fete at the Kirkeby estate. Right: Dorothy Kirsten, of the Metropolitan Opera Co., Bill Morrow, the writer, and Jack Benny among the distinguished Kirkeby guests. The affair was one of the season's social highlights.



Above: Kay Thompson, who, with the Four Williams Brothers, scored another triumph upon her return to Hollywood at the Mayfair Room; Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage. Left: Cobina Wright, dancing with her host, greets Mr. and Mrs. Don DeFore at Arnold Kirkeby party. Kirkeby operates one of the largest hotel chains in the country.

SINISTER SUSAN

DURING the Oklahoma oil boom in "Tulsa," Susan Hayward builds an oil empire through luck and sheer grit. But she sacrifices the love of Robert Preston in the process as well as her own sense of integrity. Only after a fire razes the oil fields, does Susan come to her senses, reunite with Bob.



Pedro Armendariz, an old friend, is ruined by Susan in her craving for wealth and power.



In "Tulsa," an Eagle-Lion film, Susan Hayward is transformed by greed from a beautiful straight-shooter into a ruthless vixen.

Susan Hayward rests between scenes on the set of "Tulsa."

Oil from their first gusher covers Susan and Bob in this tense scene from "Tulsa."

Robert Preston is disillusioned in Susan Hayward, who he first thought was nearly perfect.



Angela Lansbury, MGM star,
now appearing in "Samson
And Delilah," for Paramount



Baltimore Escapade



Starred together again as they were in "Fort Apache," Shirley Temple and her husband, John Agar, are young sweethearts in "Baltimore Escapade."

DAUGHTER of a minister in "Baltimore Escapade," Shirley Temple is quite a pepper-pot, especially for a young girl, vintage 1905. She's a rabid suffragette and budding artist who's expelled from school for demanding to paint from nude models. While her parents defend Shirley, her conduct jeopardizes her father's career. The climax comes when she paints a picture (right) of her beau, John Agar, as a scantily-clad Spirit Of Labor whose face is plainly recognizable. Eventually, however, Shirley is vindicated. Below: Robert Young, as the minister, endures the trombone playing of his son, Johnny Sands. Bottom Left: A scene with a disapproving church vestryman, Albert Sharpe. Center: Shirley as a modern heroine. Bottom Right: Shirley prom-trots with Charlie Smith when John Agar escorts her rival, Carol Brannon.



LADD'S IN THE WEST... IN TWO-GUN TECHNICOLOR!



Here's a LADD you've always dreamed about — quiet, gentle-like — but the most feared man on the wild frontier! Afraid of nothing but the woman who loved him.

Filmed on a scale to rival the never-to-be-forgotten "Union Pacific"!

ALAN LADD

ROBERT PRESTON · BRENDA MARSHALL

DONALD CRISP

in

"Whispering SMITH"

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

A Paramount Picture with

WILLIAM DEMAREST

Fay Holden · Murvyn Vye · Frank Faylen

Associate Producer Mel Epstein · Directed by Leslie Fenton

Screenplay by Frank Butler and Karl Kamb · Based on the Novel by Frank H. Spearman

Wake Of The Red Witch



GREED keynotes Republic's "Wake Of The Red Witch," a brutally exotic tale of adventure in the South Seas. An unscrupulous trader, devoid of fear or conscience, Capt. John Wayne's lust destroys him despite his love for Gail Russell, who's a gently-bred French girl.



Adele Mara's hypnotic Balinese dance, after a moonlight swim in "Wake Of The Red Witch," provides one of the most provocative scenes in the picture. She plays Teleia, half-Dutch daughter of a native chief, who falls in love with Capt. Wayne of the Red Witch.

Director Ludwig takes Adele Mara's robe before she's doused with water for a scene in which she's supposed to have just bathed.

John Wayne and Adele Mara relax after a highly emotional scene in "Wake Of The Red Witch" over cups of soothing ice cream.



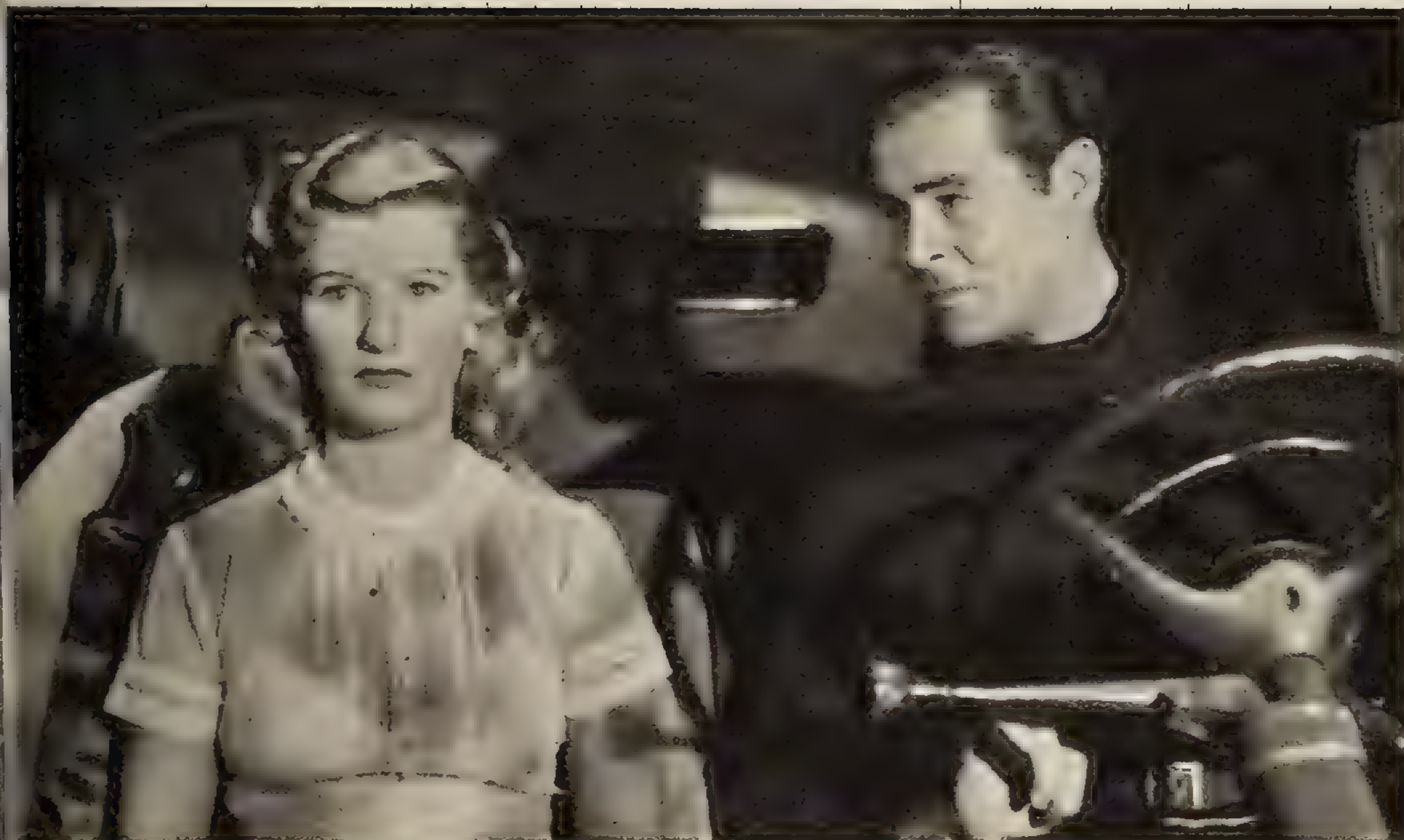
Lay Off Teenagers!

Especially when Barbara Bel Geddes, who still looks like one herself, is around

By Louis Reid



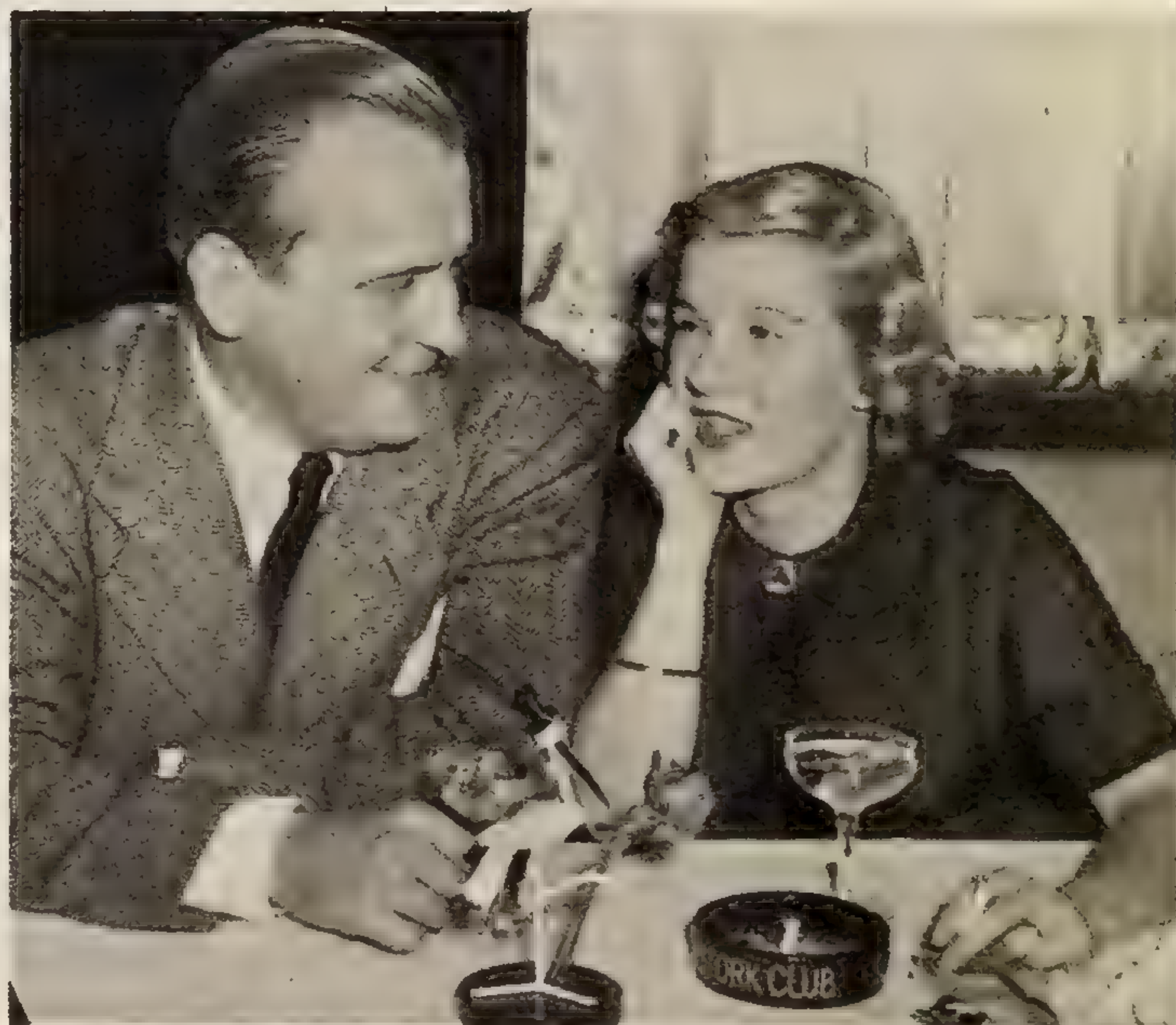
Left: Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Ryan in "Caught," an Enterprise picture for MGM release. Above: Barbara, 26, is a mother.



"DIZZY! Reckless! Loud! Stubborn! Rebellious Ungrateful! Heedless! These are some of the adjectives plucked from the cupboard and hurled at teenagers. Too bad the people doing the hurling can't remember their own youth."

Thus, Barbara Bel Geddes, with that same forthright, attractive eagerness she

Right: Barbara and her husband, Carl Schreuer, during recent Manhattan vacation. Below Left: A tense scene with James Mason in "Caught." She's loved by him and by Bob.



brings to the screen, came to the defense of the girls and boys between the ages of 13 and 20.

Miss B. G. is convincing in her role of champion because at the age of 26 she could easily pass for a 17-year-old bobby-soxer, even without the sox or the loafers. She admits that 17 is precariously young. But there is a challenging look about her, in the tilt of her chin and in her persistently frank eyes even though they almost close when she laughs. She has the manner of one who observes the life about her from a firm and sure approach, of one inherently incapable of flouncing about the screen—or stage—as a dizzy ingenue.

Yet you have the impression she is acutely aware of not knowing *all* the answers—even about teenagers.

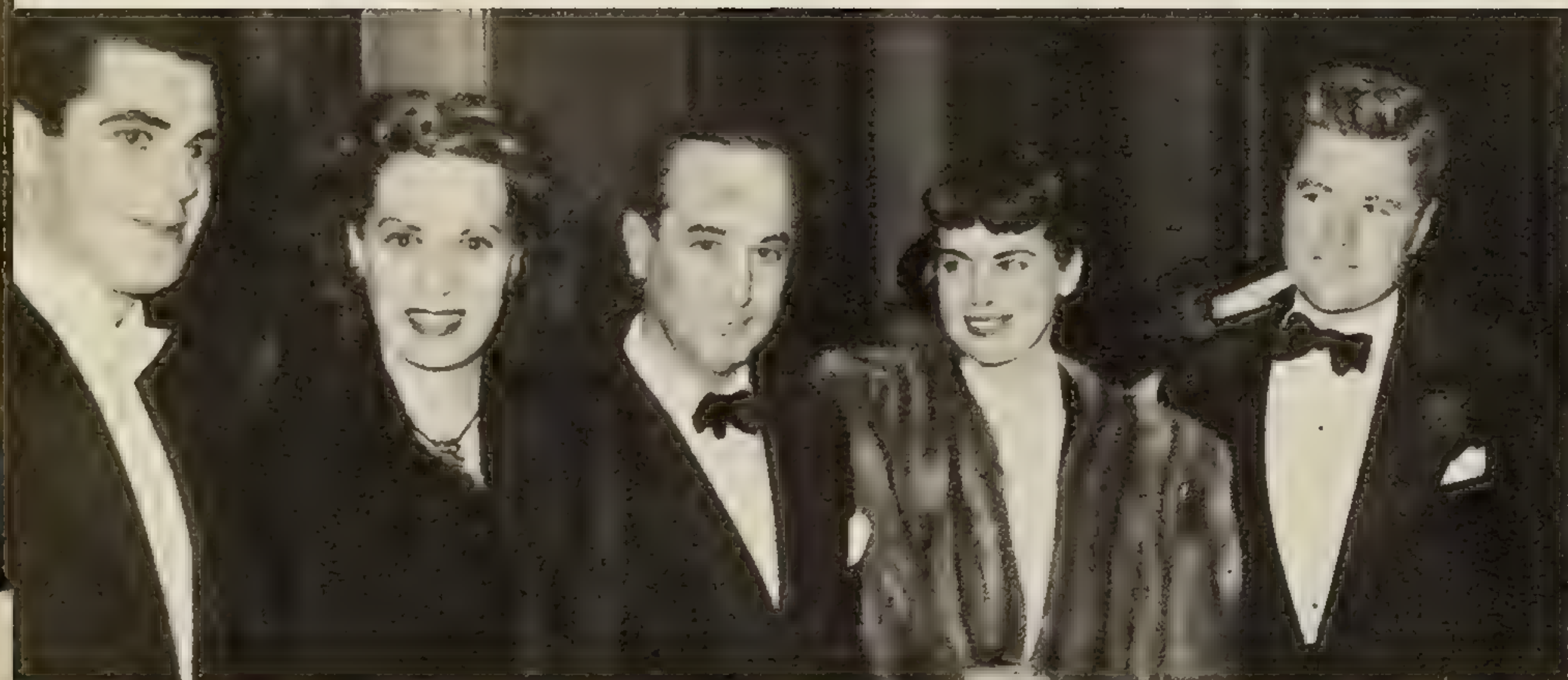
"I have a keen admiration for teenagers," she told me at the Hotel Plaza during a brief interlude between pictures (*spent mostly at the latest Broadway plays*). "Teenagers resent authority, but accept it as a necessary evil. They don't believe in being (*Please turn to page 63*)

Below: Curt Bois awakens Barbara in film. She's also in RKO's "Blood On The Moon."



work and play

Right: Dana Andrews and Maureen O'Hara in costume for "The Affairs Of Adelaide," a 20th Century-Fox film made in England.



Below: Dana Andrews, with British stars Christine Norden and Robert Donat, at the Film Charities Ball in London, while making "The Affairs Of Adelaide" abroad.



Below: At the Film Charities Ball which was held at Albert Hall, Dana Andrews has a serious talk with Jean Simmons and Shirley Maycock, two J. Arthur Rank stars.



IT WAS a happy day for co-stars Maureen O'Hara and Dana Andrews when 20th Century-Fox decided to film "The Affairs Of Adelaide," on location in England. For Maureen, it meant the chance to visit her family and old home in Ireland again; for Dana, it provided an opportunity to do some sightseeing around the British Isles. Work, in this instance, was play to the jubilant stars. Left: While on location for "The Affairs Of Adelaide," Maureen attended the Film Charities Ball in London with her brother, Charlie Fitzsimmons, Director Jean Negulesco and his wife, Dusty Anderson, and Bill Neff. Below: Wardrobe repairs before a scene in "The Affairs Of Adelaide." In the picture, Maureen is a sheltered English girl who marries an impoverished artist, Dana Andrews. When he dies she falls in love with a man who resembles him strongly (actually Dana in the second half of a dual role), but because the poverty of her previous marriage haunts her, their love travels a rocky road of dissension before it finally leads them to the altar.



Dynamite With Dimples!

Kirk Douglas's potent personality hits you with the impact of a load of T.N.T.

By Fredda Dudley



Above: Kirk's a fighter in "The Champion."
Below: With co-star Ruth Roman in the film.

YOU first saw Kirk Douglas as Barbara Stanwyck's neurotic, alcoholic husband in "The Strange Love Of Martha Ivers." Next, you probably saw him in "I Walk Alone" with Burt Lancaster and Elizabeth Scott, then in "Out Of The Past" with Robert Mitchum. In "Mourning Becomes Electra," Kirk enacted the role of Rosalind Russell's young lover. "Walls Of Jericho" opposite Linda Darnell and "My Dear Secretary" with Laraine Day added to his spiraling reputation, while his current role of the fighter in "The Champion" will definitely establish him as one of the most resourceful and talented of ascendant stars.

What is Kirk Douglas really like?

If one were to play the old game of "Categories," he would be pigeon-holed in this way: if he were an animal, he would be a wire-haired terrier; if he were an element, he would be a whirlwind; a mineral—quicksilver; a flower—Johnny-

Kirk Douglas, more popular than ever, co-stars with Laraine Day in "My Dear Secretary."

jump-up; a color—sea blue and wheat gold; music—a Rachmaninof Prelude filled with crashing bass chords and a swift running melody bright with laughter.

He's dynamite—with dimples.

Statistically, Kirk was born in Amsterdam, New York, the only boy in a family boasting six daughters. He decided to be an actor when, as an impressionable first grader, he and his classmates were introduced to charades. By the time Kirk had completed four years of high school, his dramatic prowess had developed to the point of winning him the lead in the senior play, "The Goose Hangs High."

Instead of going on to college at once, Kirk took a *(Please turn to page 61)*

Below: In "The Champion," Kirk ruthlessly works his way up from car hop to fight champ.



Above: In "Letter To Three Wives," with Ann Sothorn, Jeanne Crain. Below: With Director Martin, Laraine Day of "My Dear Secretary."



Every Girl Should Marry, But...

Diana Lynn, recently wed, has pointed opinions on marriage and girls who should avoid it

By Dorothy O'Leary

PERT, dimpled Diana Lynn made quite an entrance as she came into The Players for lunch that day. Heads turned as one to look at her, not merely because she was a pretty, well-known actress; patrons of Preston Sturges' eatery on Sunset Strip are accustomed to seeing the like. Nor not just because she looked especially smart that day in a fetching dressmaker suit with a saucy bonnet tied under her chin. It was her left arm, encased in a plaster cast and held in a dark scarf sling, that attracted special attention.

Stories had been in the columns about Diana's breaking her arm—by slipping in the bathtub, of all things—but people are curious, even in Hollywood. Or should we say, especially in Hollywood.

It was quite logical, then, after Diana had acknowledged waves from acquaintances and had ordered her eggs Benedict, that we should talk about silly accidents and the great number that happen right in one's home. Obviously, Diana had been reading those statistics since her unfortunate accident in the tub.

Below: Diana Lynn and Betsy Drake in "Every Girl Should Be Married," RKO film. However, Diana doesn't really agree with the title.

Below: Diana Lynn about to be kissed by Zachary Scott in Eagle Lion's "Ruthless."





Diana Lynn with her husband, John C. Lindsay, at Mocambo. Their engagement was short.



"But those figures aren't nearly so alarming as some others I read the other day," she commented in that commandingly quiet voice of hers. "Did you read the news story quoting a recent estimate that one out of every three marriages performed in 1948 will end in divorce? Not just in Los Angeles County, but the entire nation? That's a frightening thought. What's happened to us?"

"Well, perhaps too many people get married," we challenged, being deliberately facetious. "Since you're now appearing in that RKO picture with Cary Grant called 'Every Girl Should Be Married,' do you honestly believe that every girl should?"

"Perhaps not," Diana answered. For almost a moment she said nothing, nor did we, for she was obviously giving more than passing attention to the idea.

"You know, we actors are put on a spot. Just because we *are* actors we shouldn't be oracles, quoted as authorities. Our opinions on everything from dogs to domestic relations get into print and sometimes they sound presumptuous. This is an example. How can I generalize on whether every girl should get married? My opinion is based solely on personal observation; I'm not, after all, a marriage counselor."

Diana took time out for a one-handed bite of lunch—very agile, too—and then went on.

"For a full life, I feel every girl should, but I also suspect that some women don't have the makings of *successful* wives. And some girls marry too soon, when it would be much smarter for them to remain single for a while until they matured emotionally and approached marriage with a proper perspective.

"The other day when I was shopping I couldn't help overhearing the conversation of two other girls in the store," Diana recalled. (Please turn to page 65)

Above: Diana as she appears in "Every Girl Should Be Married." Below: Another scene with Betsy. Diana's next is "Bitter Victory."



What Friendship Means To Me

A hardboiled, but sentimental, Irishman pours out his heart

By Pat O'Brien

MY FIRST great friendship was with my dad. He taught me how to play marbles; how to throw a baseball; how to fight, if I had to fight, clean. He taught me it is important to have immaculate linen and to keep your nails clean. He taught me that it's better to be kind than to be king. He made me learn how many stars and stripes there are in the American flag and how they got there.

My dad taught me about friendship. He taught me that friendship is something you can never buy or bribe; that it happens to you "like the sun shines on you," but when it does happen, you meet it more than halfway, or else—

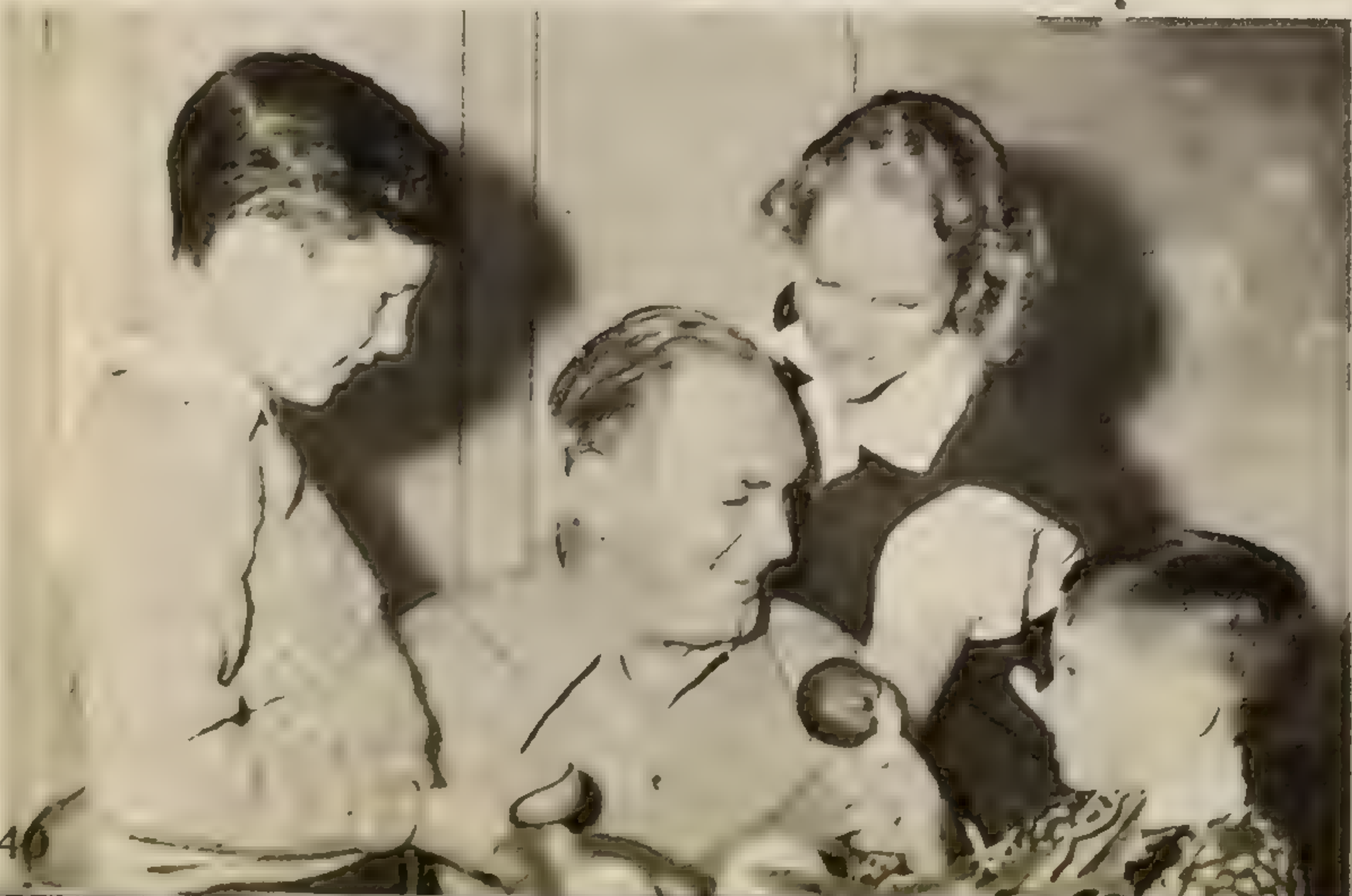
He taught me that everything he taught me would be no good, "Unless you say your morning and evening prayers."

My dad was an orphan. Maybe that's what brought him closer, remembering his own meagre childhood, to what another great friend of mine, the late Jimmy Walker, called, "The little guy in the bleachers."

That's a book I'm going to write someday—a book about my dad and what a lot of guy he (Please turn to page 66)



Above: Pat O'Brien with his wife, Eloise, during Manhattan vacation. Left: Broadcasting with an old friend, Kate Smith. Says Pat, "Once a week, every week of our lives, Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Cagney, Frank McHugh, Frank Morgan, Jimmy Gleason and I get together and dish like a lot of old dames."



Left: Pat O'Brien with three of his children, Patrick Sean, Mavourneen, Terence Kevin. He also has a young daughter, Bridget. He's taught them the meaning of friends. Right: With Walter Catlett in "The Boy With Green Hair," his most recent picture for RKO.





Bobby Driscoll, Beulah Bondi, Burl Ives and Luana Patten frolic for a scene in Disney's "So Dear To My Heart," a live action-animation story of a little boy and his black lamb.



A small, sweet belle of the county fair is Luana Patten in "So Dear To My Heart."



So Dear To My Heart



BOBBY DRISCOLL pleads so winningly that his grandmother, Beulah Bondi, finally permits him to adopt a little black lamb rejected by its mother in "So Dear To My Heart." Bobby names the lamb, Danny, and immediately begins to plan wonderful things for his pet, which include exhibiting him at the county fair. He meets with a lot of enormous obstacles, but encouraged by his playmate, Luana Patten, and by Uncle Hiram, the village blacksmith, (Burl Ives), he finally overcomes them all. Granny takes him and Luana and Danny to the Fair, where Danny receives a special award from the judges.





Ella Bids

By William Lynch Vallee

WHEN the *General M. B. Stewart*—a Southampton-bound troopship—sailed out of New York harbor, recently, its customary military cargo also included none other than the double-glamorous Ella Raines. . . .

And though its principal cargo naturally will be welcome on the other side, nothing aboard will receive a more heartfelt greeting than the *Handle With Care Raines, Wt. 100 lbs., Keep Right Side Up*—a greeting to be delivered in person by Major Robin F. Olds, a jet pilot stationed in England and also the husband of the ravishing *Use No Hooks* package.

"Travis Banton made me a whole slew of new clothes," Ella told us in the, quote, privacy, unquote, of 21, amidst the clatter of lunch and prior to her trip, "which I'd planned on wearing aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*, but. . . ."

The *but* had to do with a dock strike and the necessity for Ella to travel *via* troopship—a military wife's right—and thus making life brighter for the armed personnel also aboard the war-barge. Not to mention that Air Force major who was in England, due to the exchange system.

"Robin," said Ella, "has found us a country house in a place called Selsy Hill, 40 miles out of London. He wrote that it had six bedrooms, a greenhouse and lots of land—and I'm looking forward to a lazy, happy life there.

"For the last six years," she went on after waving to (*Please turn to page 73*)



Above: Ella Raines and her husband, Maj. Robin F. Olds, before he sailed for England. Left: Their memorable wedding day. Ella still says, "I couldn't be happier."



Below: Ella with her mother, Mrs. Ernest Raines, and her brother-in-law, Stephen Olds, having an evening together in New York after Robin left the U. S.

Ella and her husband have a house in Cold Water Canyon, Cal., but are now staying in Selsy Hill, 40 miles outside of London.



Below: Ella chatting with Director Arthur Lubin during the making of "Impact," in which, for a change, she's a nice girl.

Au Revoir

When you read of the great happiness Ella Raines has found in her marriage to Major Robin Olds, you understand why she's shelving her career to join him at his post in England

Ella and her Major husband have been in the dog raising business since their golden-colored cocker spaniel, Bunny, had a litter of nine pups a year ago. The Oldses are now trying to breed pure white cockers. Ella intends to stay with her husband in England until his tour of duty is completed. Meanwhile her career must wait. "I've worked and slaved for the past six years. I need a rest," declares Ella.



Having Fun at Carson's Ranch



After plugging to finish their new Warners picture, "Two Guys And A Girl," Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan headed for Jack's ranch for a day's relaxation, riding and just loafing.



Left: The young bandits holding up the boys are their own sons, Jimmy Morgan and John Carson. Above: Six-year-old Jimmy and Dennis were crazy about Jack's ranch. It nestles among the hills of San Fernando Valley, has many of the luxuries of an estate as well as the needs of a working ranch.



Left: The kids took a swim and played with Jack's Boxers before lunch. Above: Jack, now in "John Loves Mary," and son John, 7, are excellent riders.



Above: Proud fathers and their offspring. Jack and Dennis are ardent sportsmen and are training their sons to like sports, too.

Above: Hey, Zeke, look at them dudes pose! Looks like a busman's holiday. Below: The four tired ranchers finally repaired to the feedbags for some welcome vittles. It would be hard to tell whether Jack and Dennis or the kids had the better time.





This white silk jersey dress is deftly draped with grey silk jersey. With it Loretta Young wears cluster of gold chains and pearls.



Nothing could be smarter for campus, country or "at home" than Loretta Young's grey jersey skirt and cinnamon brown jersey blouse.



Slightly more sophisticated Loretta's grey and white striped wool dress with sunburst pleated skirt and silver filigree button.



Here's a wardrobe that will appeal to all women, for it combines comfort with sophistication and allure

CLOTHES That Are Comfortable can also be smart and alluring. And that is one reason Loretta Young enjoyed the wardrobe she wore in "Mother Is A Freshman." As a sophisticated and too extravagant mother in the story, Loretta goes to college with her daughter to live on an endowment until her next check comes in. Now daughter doesn't want mother to look ridiculous so she insists that she dress like a co-ed instead of a high-styled Colony Club habitue. So, for her first campus appearance, mother wears daughter's skirt, stole and sweater. As she walks along, each wolf-whistle makes her more and more pleased that anything as comfortable as a wool skirt and a sweater can cause a mild sensation.

* * *

The Whistles Were Real when the company went on location to the campus of the University of Nevada. Loretta, in smart school clothes, caused half the student body to be late for class. When they saw her working before the camera in her red velveteen dress, they didn't bother to go to class.

* * *

It Often Surprises women of high fashion to discover that comfortable, casual clothes can also be sexy and chic. Loretta Young felt so comfortable in these clothes that she bought everything for her personal wardrobe. She said the easy-to-wear college clothes were perfect for her active life with her youngsters.

* * *

Red and white hand-made Chinese brocade is the material used in this evening gown worn by Loretta in "Mother Is A Freshman." The flower petal skirt is lined in red.

There Was No Problem in making a co-ed out of Loretta Young. With her figure and the way she wears clothes . . . coupled with her own good taste . . . she (Please turn to page 71)

Kay Nelson's Fashion Flashes



Kay Nelson, designer of Loretta Young's fetching wardrobe in 20th's "Mother Is A Freshman."



This gay costume has sleeveless jacket and skirt of red velveteen with grey, red and black striped jersey blouse.

Casual comfort is the keynote of this costume. Skirt and stole are of blue, green, red and yellow plaid. Blouse is gold wool jersey.

This steel grey shantung suit with Kelly green blouse is chic and youthful. White gloves and grey accessories complete outfit.

There's a feeling of Spring in this burnt orange silk shantung dress designed by Kay Nelson for Loretta in "Mother Is A Freshman."





Star-Studded Turnout



THE Beverly-Wilshire Hotel hung out the S.R.O. sign when Kay Thompson and the Four Williams Brothers opened there on their return to Hollywood where they first skyrocketed to fame a year ago. The exclusive new Mayfair Room of the hotel was jammed with the most outstanding film personalities who applauded and called for encores from Kay and the boys just as enthusiastically as any balcony fan at the local Bijou. Above: The Fred Astaires, who rarely venture forth to Hollywood night spots, at the Beverly-Wilshire with Randolph Scott. "The Barkleys Of Broadway" is Fred's next. Left: Merle Oberon, decked out in her famous emeralds, enjoying Kay Thompson's routine with Greg Bautzer. He played host to a group of friends and had the table loaded with orchids. Below Left: In serious discussion prior to the opening are Shirley Temple and John Agar, currently co-starring on the screen in "Baltimore Escapade." Below: Arlene Dahl's the beautiful attraction for Harry Cushing at the Beverly-Wilshire.





Wide-eyed over all the other celebrities at Kay Thompson's opening, are Jane Withers and her husband, Producer Bill Moss.



A Mayfair Room twosome are Rock Hudson and Dorothy Malone, now appearing in "One Sunday Afternoon" with Dennis Morgan.



Nora Eddington Flynn, Peter Lawford, newlyweds Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron at opening.

Dining at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, Claudette Colbert is flanked by Van Johnson (smile for the lady!) and Charles Vidor.



Karin Booth accompanied Noreen Nash and her husband, Dr. Lee Siegel, to debut of Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers.





Screenland Salutes *Betsy Drake*



Above and Left: As a well-known pediatrician, Dr. Madison Brown is much more interested in his work than in love and marriage. But as Anabel Simms, salesgirl, Betsy Drake is much more interested in love and marriage than in her work. Marrying the doctor becomes her aim in life.

IT'S seldom an actress is given so auspicious a screen debut as Betsy Drake in "Every Girl Should Be Married," a film which boasts of Cary Grant, the man who made it all possible for Betsy. He met her on a ship heading for the United States from England where Betsy had won acclaim for her spirited portrayal in "Deep Are The Roots." Impressed, Cary told her to look him up in Hollywood. His was more than a professional interest, so when she arrived Cary seriously set to work getting her in pictures, primarily because he believed her a "find," secondly because he was genuinely fond of Betsy. When Dore Schary and David O. Selznick readily agreed she was a "find," Cary promptly put her in his own picture, "Every Girl Should Be Married." Not only that, he had her role so built up that it turned out to be even more important than his own. Luckily, Betsy was not one to let Cary down. She proved more than equal to the unusual opportunity, being as talented and beguiling a young actress as Hollywood has seen. She plays the role of Anabel Simms, salesgirl, who decides "Every Girl Should Be Married" and that Dr. Madison Brown, pediatrician, played by Cary Grant, is the man she will marry. Getting him to agree is another matter and many amusing and hilarious events occur before he finally does. Betsy, of course, has Cary to thank for her unbelievable "break," but Cary has Betsy to thank for a superlative picture.



When the doctor goes a'shopping, Anabel, at first, thinks the booties are for his own children. Her hopes of marriage sag.



It takes time, patience and perseverance, but Anabel gets her man. She's the most refreshing new screen personality in ages.

FRED



ROBBINS

Right off the Record

The Robbins rogue himself with his favs in live jive platters.

HYA Doc,
S'March on the clock,
Get those feet out of hock
And let's start to rock!

BLOW wind, and break your cheeks!
'Cause this is the unreliable month
of the year that opens the door like
a big cat and cuts out like a wooly little
devil. But it makes no never mind 'cause
along with the wind and rain in your hair,
there's a fine mess of sound for that little
listening appendage just underneath. All
you've got to do is set the needle in the
first of those finely cut black grooves and
voila!

HEAVENLY!

Kay Kyser: Wow! That geyser by Mr. Kyser is still spurting! First "Slow Boat To You-Know-Where" and now "Say It Isn't So"—Irving Berlin's great standard which is caressed subtly and lovingly by the Campus Kids with one of the chicks doing a violin-like obbligato, Otto, in the background. Georgia Carroll's boy knocks out a lecture on the ways and means of those whom Dr. Kinsey has not dealt with as yet—on the back—which proves they've been that way "Ever Since Eve." (Columbia)

Vaughn Monroe: Out comes the



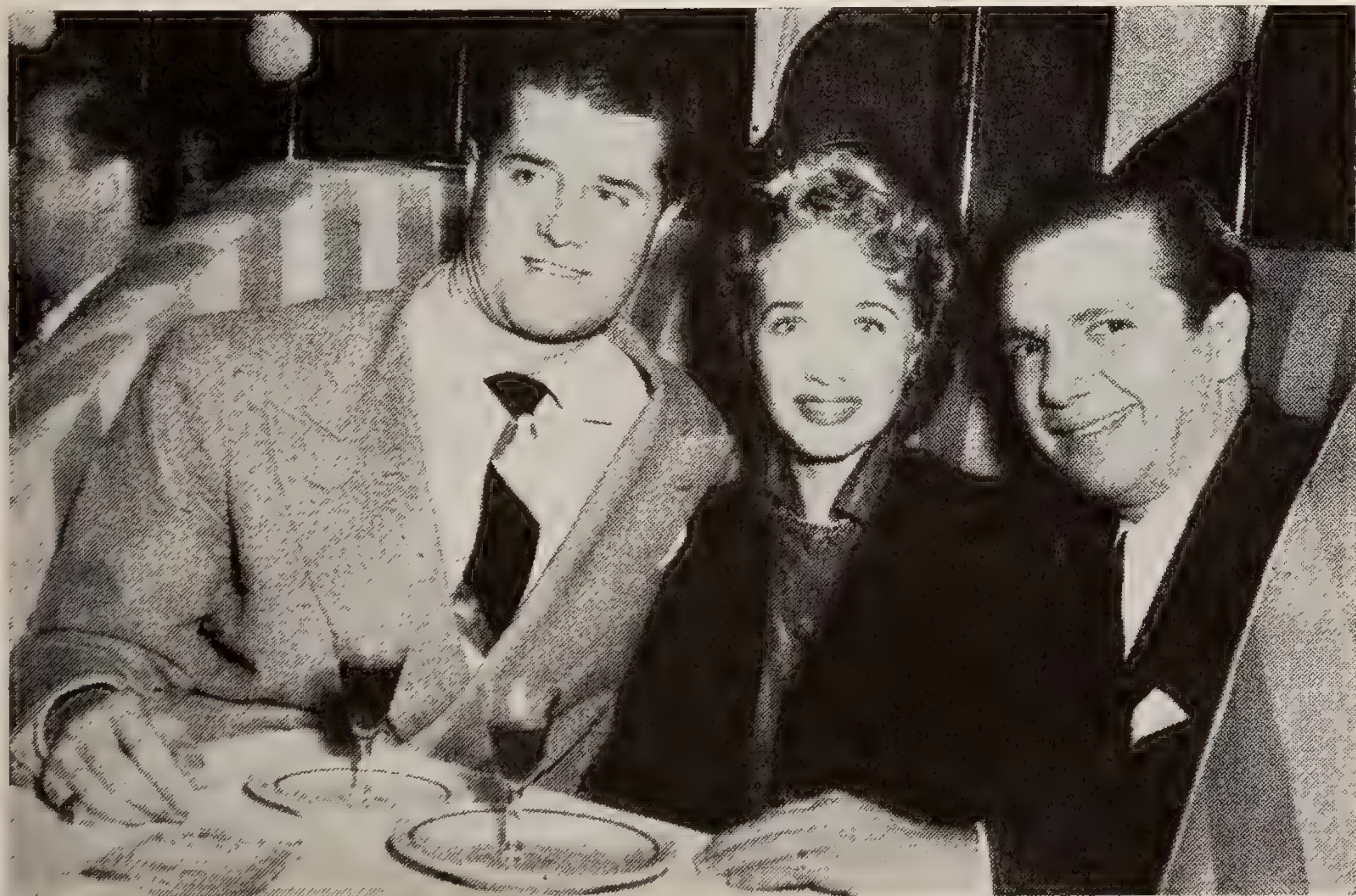
Fred Robbins with Mickey Rooney at the Clique, Fred's own Broadway night club.

clothespin and Vaughnie boy wraps those muscular vocal cords around a brace from Frankie's pix "Kissing Bandit"—"If I Steal And Kiss" and "What's Wrong With Me." The Moon Maids don't answer that leading question but go along for the spin. Vaughnie flies a wonderful plane. You should see how beautifully he lands! (Victor)

King Cole Trio: The gleesome three-some have been trying for a sequel to "Nature Boy," but those things happen once in oodles on cookies. "That's A Natural Fact" is in the same slot, tho—bulging with philosophy which Nat does with a telling touch. Gives you a lump in your larynx for no extra charge. Flip is a novelty bounce 'bout "Flo And Joe," with a little rumba beat and a spot of nice scat by Nat. (Capitol)

Buddy Clark: A few years ago a gal named Nancy Nolan used to sing "It's A Big Wide, Wonderful World" in a cocktail lounge in New York. She was a fixture there for many years and thousands of her fans were haunted by this beautiful hunk of fluff. No one else sang it anywhere—but as it must—great songs break through and find their way to the throats of singers who are heard by millions. Well—congrats to Buddy for latching on to this one 'cause the whole 48 provinces'll be getting it off their mass chest once they dig this waffle. Song has a lilt and melody that getcha like the witches got Macbeth! Back is "The Song Of Long Ago"—a sentimental slab by the baritone lark. (Columbia)

Bing Crosby: The owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates goes into Spring training with the Ken Darby singers and it looks like a couple of home runs! "Far Away Places" and "Tara Talara Tala." First reminds of Bing's "Now Is The Hour"



MGM's Jane Powell and Joey Adams, night club comic, with Fred at the Clique. When Hollywood stars visit Gotham they're usually guests on Fred's WOV show.



Pee Wee Hunt, Jimmy Dorsey and Charlie Barnet give out with the music as Jan Garber conducts during a lull in production of "Make Believe Ballroom."

and "Tara" is a lullaby like "Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ra" and they weren't exactly hard to dispose of. Looks like the team should have a good season! (*Decca*)

Perry Como: Some sumptuous and scrumptious wax from this kid's Manhasset, Long Island neighbor—he plays good Ping Pong, too. This was cut the moment the record ban was over in December and Ronnie's Daddy trims your ears beautifully with "Far Away Places" and "Melancholy Minstrel." When he hoists up those tonsils—m-m-m-m! (*Victor*)

Buddy Rich: The most versatile and personable of all bandleaders warms his tonsils on "Baby, Baby All The Time," which he did first and then everyone else followed—Tommy Dorsey, Frankie Laine, Nat Cole, etc. Flip finds the full-sum Rich band on "Ready To Go Steady"—Buddy tired of having a ball and sick and tired of it all and ready to settle down. Great showman and our next really big name band! (*Mercury*)

Jo Stafford: More material all wool and a mile wide from Cinderella G. Stump. The beauty from "Love Life"—"Here I'll Stay"—most satiny, and "Congratulations," plus a return to Red Ingle's Natural Seven and the zenith of zaniness on "The Prisoner Of Love's Song"—in the crazy groove of "Tim-tay-shun." Jo's with Tex Williams and his Western Caravan, pardner, on the back of this hyar piece of cactus and they're a comin' on with the "Traveling Salesman Polka"—'bout this hyar now salesman that stopped at a farmhouse—see. And er—uh—well—you better dig the cookie! (*Capitol*)

Gordon MacCrae: Voici the impeccable larynx of my man Gordie with 2 more aces right down the fairyway. They're oldies—and how he beams 'em—"Ramona" and "Do You Ever Think Of Me." Fore! He's just as good on the golf course, too. And dig him on his Ameri-

can Railroads show—wasn't so long ago we were on the "Teentimers" club together and now Gordie's on his way to becoming one of Warner Bros. biggest stars! Couldn't happen to a nicer ex-NBC pageboy either! (*Capitol*)

Fran Warren: Oh dip me in a barrel of Jergens Lotion and let me soften to death! Here is a great new star!! We were at her first record date after the ban—her first record on her own—after leaving the Claude Thornhill band—and there's only one name for Fran—"The Voice With The Bedroom Look." She sings with so much feeling and emotion, many other canaries could take notice, Otis. Whatta soul the chick has! And it comes out on her premiere Victor record and leaves you breathless! There's "What's My Name," a haunting, plaintive beauty written by Bob Wells, who did the "Xmas Song" and Dave Saxon, his new partner, and which will for cert become a standard. Cole Porter's baby from "Kiss Me Kate" is on the back—"Why Don't You Behave"—and it's a knockout! How that kid writes! And how that Fran Warren sings! An ocean of emotion! Here's to a brilliant new star! (*Victor*)

Also Earworthy: ELLA FITZGERALD'S "In My Dreams" and "To Make A Mistake Is Human"—proving the greatest jazz singer is also the most commercial. Would she be sensational on the Hit Parade! (*Decca*) . . . TONY PASTOR'S "The Chowder Social"—cutie 'bout local 903 of the National Brotherhood of Progressive Pots, Pans and Boilermakers. (*Columbia*) . . . FRANK SINATRA AND PEARL BAILEY on "A Little Learnin' Is A Dangerous Thing"—two sides of relaxed nonsense wrapped in a lazy blues, with Frank and my girl Pearl ad libbing all over the place. (*Columbia*) . . . KAY STARR'S "So Tired"—with the zestful little chestful soft and relaxed on Russ Morgan's hit—and "Steady Daddy"—wherein all stops are opened and barrel-

house fills the house! Wow! What vigor and beat! (*Capitol*) . . . JIMMY DORSEY'S "At Sundown" a smooth-jumpin' pancake and "Angela Mia," with Bob Carroll carolin' on the back. (*MGM*) . . . JIMMY DURANTE'S mountainous conglomeration about "The State Of Arkansas" and "Dollar A Year Man," riotous rib-expanding material by a masterful clown! (*MGM*) . . . RONNIE DEAUVILLE'S "Here I'll Stay"—warm and sudsy. (*Mercury*) . . . PEGGY LEE'S "Hold Me," loaded with oomph and languor and pasted on the other side of "Then I'll Be Happy," which'll have you sizzlin' and fizzin'. (*Capitol*) . . . PAUL WESTON'S reissue of caressable sound, "I Only Have Eyes For You," and "Deep Purple." (*Capitol*) . . . DAVE ROSE'S "Serenade In Blue" and "Deep Purple"—both like peaches and cream. (*MGM*) . . . CLAUDE THORNHILL'S great album of piano solos—and it's about time! The Cloud has bass, drums and guitar backing him on "Lady Of The Evening," "Someday I'll Find You," "Love Takes," "Memory Of An Island," "That Old Feeling," "How Am I To Know," "When You Wore A Tulip" and "Coquette." Bulging with subtlety, intelligence, invention and that incredible Thornhill taste. And I'm not just whistlin' "Four Leaf Clover." (*Columbia*) . . . TEX BENEKE'S "Bye Bye Blues"—slow instrumental that makes a soothing ear massage. (*Victor*) . . . TOMMY DORSEY'S "You Can Never Shake Love," written by Joe Bushkin and Johnny DeVries—and right in the TD groove—leaps lightly—and "You Know What The Trouble Is Baby"—Lucy Ann Polk glistening radiantly on the vocal. Sings fine! (*Victor*) . . . "THE PUSSY CAT SONG" by Bob Crosby and Patti Andrews but only once or twice. By now it's coming out of your ears! (*Decca*)

HOT!!

Woody Herman: Get out of the way! Here comes that stampeding Herman Herd covering everything in sight on "The Goof And I," with Stan Getz spotted on tenor and Don Lamond on drums. This gang never stops and has a drive like the Cadillac's fourth speed! Bill Harris blows his own composition, "Everywhere," on the flip—moody trombone that is the point of departure for new horizons. (*Columbia*)

Duke Ellington: The elegance of Ellingtonia pouring sibilant sounds in your ear! What could be nicer than "Sultry Serenade" loaded with all the polished harmonies of the Duke! Johnny Hodges wrings beautiful things out of the alto and Lawrence Brown is on trombone. Light and polite and great Ellington! Al Hibbler sings words to one of Duke's most memorable themes on the back—"Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me," made originally as an instrumental with Cootie Williams on trumpet. Then, as he has to so many of his tunes, E.K.E. put lyrics to it and it becomes a whole new thing! (*Columbia*)

Dizzy Gillespie: Well as I live and bop! Here's one of Dizzy's earliest cook-

BEST IN THE NEST

"Say It Isn't So"—Kay Kyser (Columbia)

"I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm"—Les Brown (Columbia)

"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"—Charley Ventura (National)

"Steady Daddy"—Kay Starr (Capitol)

"It's A Big Wide Wonderful World"—Buddy Clark (Columbia)

"What's My Name"—Fran Warren (Victor)

"That's A Natural Fact"—Nat Cole (Capitol)

"The Goof And I"—Woody Herman (Columbia)

"Fools Rush In"—Billy Eckstine (MGM)

"Everywhere"—Woody Herman (Columbia)

ies and one of his best, to boot! I mean bop! He does unbelievably gorgeous things to "I Can't Get Started," very slow and with oodles of ideas. This is the one to play for the new listener to bop. The bopside is "Good Bait" in medium tempo and I guarantee you bite! Catchy melody, good beat and danceable—and another primer for the new bop fan. Do Byas is featured on tenor and the whole opus ripples and bops. (Columbia)

ALSO GROOVEY: Lionel Hampton's Decca-cookie of "How High The Moon" with five cats from the band doing great relaxed things to the deal. Hamp's fugue on vibes with Milton Buckner on piano is luxurious! Hamp shares the grooves with Herbie Fields on clarinet on the other cheek, "Ribs And Hot Sauce" . . . The Art Van Damme Quintette on "I Know That You Know," and "The Man I Love"—bright, sparkling stuff by a five that musters lots of luster! (Capitol) . . . Victor's fresh Be-Bop album of Modern Jazz with such outstanding boppists as Red Callendar, bass, Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet, Coleman Hawkins and Lucky Thompson, tenors, Benny Carter, alto, Dodo Marmarosa, piano, etc., etc.—more greats than you can shake a flattened ninth at. All the bop styles are in the album and Dizzy's "Cubano Be" and "Cubana Bop" are the most exciting slabs, showing what happens when African and Cuban vocal and percussion effects are blended with jazz orchestral sounds. This sheaf'll have you bopsided! (Victor P 226) . . . And James Moody, erstwhile tenor with Dizzy's band, has some bop on which you'll pop your top on the Blue Note label—"Tropicana" and "The Fuller-Bop Man"—(Walter Fuller wrote 'em—therefore the title) . .

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

ELAINE POWERS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Art Lund's real name is London—he used to sing with Benny Goodman, box and play football—and you can snare a likeness c/o MGM Rec-

ords . . . MARY MONTGOMERY, EAST BRADY, PA.—You're a little behind times. The Boswell sisters haven't made records for years. What you hear are reissues of their oldies. Connie is the only active kid and they're all married. Madeleine Carroll is breaking it up on Broadway in "Goodbye, My Fancy" . . . JOHN JACKLIN, LINCOLNSHIRE, ENGLAND—Nice hearing from you all the way over there. Bob Eberly is recording on his own for Decca now and Helen O'Connell is all married up but makes a few biscuits for independent labels after the ones she bakes for hubby . . . Jimmy Dorsey's never been able to capture the same feeling as when Bob and Helen were yellin' . . . RUTH

QUINN, MALDEN, MASS.—Suggest you write to Decca for Tony Martin's waxing of "Flamingo." 'Sbeen out of print a long time . . . LAURENCE BEYER, MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS—Georgia Gibbs grooved a few things with Artie's band—Shaw that is—under the name of Freda Gibson—which she later changed to Ga. Gibbs. Dig the Victor catalogue . . . Lemme know what's buggin' you and we'll try and answer. Till next month—take it slow . . .

Address letters to Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 21

to the delight of the other chair warmers. Greer Garson and Buddy Fogelson were in the mob, too.

—O—

But Hollywood isn't the only town that's jumpin'. The Palm Springs season is in full swing again and everyone lucky enough to get away is there. Jimmy Davis, the ex-Governor of Louisiana, bought one of the desert hot spots, The Stables, and is running it himself. He's, I hear, the only hillbilly bandleader who holds a master's degree in psychology. Which may or may not have anything to do with the popularity of his new club. Opening night, Barbara Stanwyck, all gussied up in her finery, and Davis led the square dance with Bob Stack, Don and Marion DeFore, and the Dan Durveys following right in their tracks.

—O—

There are lots of other new spots opening up on the desert—among them Apple Valley which is a few miles thataway from Palm Springs, or to be exact, out of Victorville. Apple Valley is a real peachy spot which I'll tell you more about later

on account of it's just barely opened and we've only had a sneak peek at it.

—O—

John Payne and Gloria De Haven, who make up and separate faster'n you can say pfft, are, or were when this was written, back together again, with a big announcement to the press that they felt their reconciliation might influence other young couples with matrimonial difficulties to do the same. We hope they stick together this time, not only for their own and their children's happiness but because we're dern tired of having to report the various rumors.

—O—

Most everyone in town's happy over little Diana Lynn's marriage to the attractive young architect, John Lindsay, with the possible exception of some of the boys who have been mooning over the cute gal for years. Things look mighty bright for Diana both romantically speaking and career-wise.

—O—

Bing Crosby, on location at 20th Century-Fox for Paramount's "Top O' The



Producer William Keighley and Van Heflin are amused as Greer Garson adds a few last minute touches at rehearsal of "Brief Encounter" for Radio Theatre.

Morning," (Fox has an Irish street on the back lot) caused so much excitement by lunching in the studio commissary that none of the home-team actors got any attention from the lunch gang. But it didn't matter because they were all busy gaping at Bing themselves. That Crosby's one boy who doesn't enjoy the spotlight and avoids it whenever he can. But even he has to eat.

—o—

The stork buzzed Hollywood a couple of times again—at the James Masons' and the Don Taylors'. The Masons named their daughter after Fred Allen's wife, Portland. And the sea-going stork is going to drop another package on Sterling Hayden's boat in six months, which means the Hayden kids will be just about a year apart.

—o—

Which reminds us that Dick Haymes' wife, before the separation, was a-tellin' the "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon" gang that she'd like to make a picture, have a baby, make a picture, have a baby. Alternate, that is. Some bright character quipped at her that it was a good thing she didn't make several pictures a year.

—o—

Esther Williams opened her new gas station with much fanfare and searchlights and this was one occasion when she could have used a bathing suit. She was so excited that when she dispensed gas to the customers she spilled more on herself than she got in the tanks!

—o—

Bette Davis has moved out of her Butternut farm in New England for good and has placed it up for sale. She had all her beautiful antiques and furniture shipped west and is having a hassle getting them all in her house at Laguna. She says, "California, I love you," and adds that her young daughter, Barbara, is brown as a coffee bean from the Winter sunshine.

—o—

When Jane Russell finally gave in and parted with her long, flowing hairdo she liked the new cut so well that she bundled her stand-in, Carmen Nesbit, off, protesting, to the barber for the same treatment. Carmen said it could have been worse if Jane had decided to become a blonde.

—o—

You can expect some kind of excitement in Hollywood now that Maria Montez is back from Paris. The gal always manages to stir up a small or large cyclone. Hear the picture she made for Seymour Nebenzahl, now called "The Siren Of Atlantis," is considerably improved since Mr. N. re-shot about half the picture at a cost of considerably over a million bucks—this in face of the economy wave in the picture biz. He's a brave man.

—o—

The party Louella Parsons gave, as a combined farewell to Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon who were leaving to live in England and a welcome-home to Dorothy Manners and John Haskell on their return from Europe, was a hummer. Roz Russell, looking her chic self in a jazzy black dress and hat, was telling about doing over her small guest house, over the garage, which Cary Grant occupied for

months. She's combining it with a large playroom. If Cary had lived in my guest house I wouldn't dream of doing it over, ever.

Anyway, the party was real keen, with a huge tent so people could spread out and have elbow room. So what did they do? They all crowded into Louella's playroom, then suddenly for no reason at all, everyone decided the tent was the place to be and, bingo, all of 'em moved out there and crowded in. Our chum, Florence Desmond, was worried about meeting Claudette Colbert, afraid she wouldn't approve of the imitation Desie was doing of her. Claudette approved.

Had a lot of laffs with Bill Howard, Dotty Lamour's husband. He's one of the cutest guys in this town. Dottie was a-tellin' us about how happy she is to be going to London for a coupla weeks at the Palladium come June. Frankie Sinatra's another one who'll be entertaining the Britishers there.

—o—

Deanna Durbin was at Miss P's party, looking prettier than we've seen her in a long time. Maybe it's because she's excited about doing a picture in Italy. Anyway, she took her daughter, Jessica, up to the snow at Lake Arrowhead before taking off for furrin parts.

—o—

Don't look for Ty Power to be home, with or without a wife, for quite a spell. Ty loves the life in Italy and might possibly do "The Black Rose" after "Prince Of Foxes." Then, he writes pals, he'll have a three-month vacation for himself before he returns to Hollywood. Well, okay, but we miss his handsome face around town.

—o—

In case you care, Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan are now sojourning in Switzerland where they are doing a lot of skiing. Rita has met Aly's sons and soon she'll meet his father, the Aga Khan, who they both hope will put his seal of approval on their romance.

—o—

John Beal, who is a fine actor, got tired of waiting around for his career to pick

up so he got together with a lot of talented people in Hollywood and has opened an Actors Hobby Market on Vine Street where members of the stage and screen can bring their handiwork to display and sell. Paintings, knitted stuff, pottery (well, okay, then—ceramics), dozens of different kinds of art objects made by such people as Joan Crawford, Linda Darnell, Dick Cromwell, Richard Carlson and scads of others. The jernt is mobbed all the time, not only by tourists, but also by celebs themselves who come in to pick up gifts. It's a real keen idea.

—o—

Ran into that amusing gal, Betty MacDonald, who authored "The Egg And I" and, more recently, "The Plague And I," when she was visiting Universal-International. In spite of her no-love for chickens on the hoof she's bought a chicken ranch which she emphatically says she will not run personally. Also had a talk with the cute young guy U-I signed as Jimmy Curtis. His name has been changed to Anthony Curtis. Tony's mad about Hollywood and says he's really livin', even though he's doing it on a small salary. He lives with a married couple, doesn't drink, has three changes of clothes and two pairs of shoes. Right now Tony's riding the bus to work, but hopes to save enough for a jalopy before too long. He's a nice kid and verra handsome. You'll see him first in "Amboy Dukes."

—o—

Also spotted Steve McNally, the villain of "Johnny Belinda," lunching at a nearby table. Steve is prepping his role with Barbara Stanwyck in "Gambling Lady." Steve and his wife are expecting the fifth addition to their family soon

—o—

Lots of nice people are getting back into the picture biz where they belong: Skeets Gallagher has a fat part in Republic's "Duke Of Chicago," Jane Wyatt grabbed off the lead opposite Gary Cooper in "Task Force," to mention a couple of 'em. And it's good to know Rita Johnson is getting over that awful accident



Rosalind Russell and Fred MacMurray just before a Screen Guild Players broadcast. Despite their expressions, the play they did was a comedy.



John Garfield and Jennifer Jones between scenes of "Rough Sketch," a Columbia picture. It's an adaptation of Robert Sylvester's best seller.

she had and may be well enough to accept a picture soon.

Around town: June Allyson and Dick Powell looking awfully happy at La Rue—Bob Mitchum and his wife, the Dan Dailys, and newlyweds Ken Murray and Betty Lou Walters at Sportsmen's Lodge. There are a group of paintings by movie actors displayed at the Lodge—among them those of Ruth Hussey, Bill Eythe, Hurd Hatfield, and young John Derek. Very interesting.

Derek, by the way, has been put into important parts in "All The King's Men" and "The Hero" without having been seen on the screen. His first role was in "Knock On Any Door." He shore is a good-looking young guy, I might add.

Stopped by for a short chat with one of my favorite people, Ginger Rogers, the other afternoon. She was resting up from the zillions of dance routines she and Fred Astaire do in "The Barkleys Of Broadway." She allowed as soon as the picture wound up she and Jack were heading for their Oregon ranch again. Ginger looked cute as all getout in a pair of navy slacks, a coral turtleneck pull-over, under a navy cardigan.

I think it's pretty wonderful of the Hollywood personalities to go out on hospital tours. I've heard more reports on the good they've done just by visiting with the veterans who are fighting to regain their health. Betty Hutton returned from a swing around several states and was really thrilled and touched by the reception these lonely guys gave her. Coleen Townsend and Lon McCallister also made a tour, as did Jennifer Jones and many others. Unfortunately, several stars have begged off going, which is kinda lousy, if you ask me.

Vic Mature got a half day off during shooting of "Samson And Delilah," shed his long locks and leopard-skin costume and headed for the television shop he just opened. Sold four sets during the

afternoon, too, by gum. Mebbe he would have sold more if he'd left his trick get-up on. Hmmm?

Burt Lancaster's been a great hit on the road with his act. In it he does a rib on his killer roles, imitates Crosby and Sinatra, plays Romeo, and shows his muscles on the parallel bars. Few people around this town know that Burt broke the act in at Ken Murray's "Blackouts," without publicity or fanfare. He then took off for Chicago, New York and Philadelphia.

Ray Milland, used to buying nothing but small boy clothes, took his new daughter (adopted) out to one of the smarter shops for a new outfit. Victoria emerged in a blue velvet dress with matching hair bows, and patent Mary Jane slippers, tres chic. Danny Milland, Vickie's older brother, hollered like mad when his parents whipped up a lovely bedroom for the little girl, complained that she should bunk in the other twin bed in his room. Temporarily, that's the arrangement.

If anybody's worried about whatever Phil Terry's (he's Joan Crawford's ex) been doing the last few years, here's the latest dope. He bought himself an old inn up in Northern California and is running it himself as a hotel.

Edmund Gwenn, if anybody should happen to ask him, is awfully glad Christmas is over. Coming down from San Francisco on the Daylight (that there is a train, son), he was besieged and bothered by all the kids on the train who insisted on telling him what they wanted on the big day. I don't think it's necessary to explain that he was Santa Claus in "Miracle On 34th Street," but I will, just in case.

Leave us not kid ourselves—the romance between Lew Ayres and Jane Wyman looks a bit on the serious side at this pernt. Also, George Sanders ain't kidding about his love for the glammer gal, Zaza

Gabor, inasmuch as he hung a beautiful emerald-diamond engagement ring, reported to cost the trifling sum of thirty-five thousand bucks, on the finger of his lady's hand. Doubtless, even the elusive Mr. S. would stop to think a bit before backing out on this deal.

Ida Lupino initiated her new fireplace at home and it resulted in a choked-up feeling and a very red face for the gal. Seems she'd decided to enlarge the inside workings of the infernal thing herself and succeeded in blocking the chimney so well that the neighboring fire department was called out to quench the cloud of smoke which poured out into the Lupino-Young living room. From now on, Ida's sticking to acting and leaving architecture to them as knows what it's all about.

Loretta Young's husband, Tom Lewis, did an unscheduled and innocent stretch in a prison not long ago. Seems he was returning from a hunting trip, got fouled up in a fog, made a forced landing on what he thought was an emergency air strip and found himself in stir on the grounds of the State Penitentiary at Lancaster, California. When the guards shut off all the bells which were set off when Tom landed, they verified his identification and helped him take off again in clear weather.

Met that very charming young man, Farley Granger, very informally one evening and had a nice chat with him. He was about to start "Roseanna McCoy" for Sam Goldwyn and was pretty excited about the script. I think this 23-year-old lad is going to be one of the hottest parcels a studio ever owned, for sheer good, unconventional handsomeness and acting charm. He shore is interested in Pat Neal, the young gal who is the femme lead in "The Fountainhead" and now in England making "The Hasty Heart" with Ronnie Reagan.

Ronnie, by the way, has sworn the oath demanded of all men who wear Scottish kilts, in or out of pictures, not to reveal what—if anything—a Scotsman wears under the short skirts.

Hollywood was somewhat startled when the young gal, June Fulton, winner of the South African beauty contest sponsored by Universal-International, arrived from Johannesburg with a three-months-old lion cub tucked under her arm. Donald O'Connor, who was the judge of the contest, didn't know at the time he picked her to come to Hollywood that she was a lover of wild life. Neither did the hotel where the young lady parked herself, pet and luggage, suspect they were going to harbor wild animals. They gave the beauty queen six hours to get the varmint out of the joint. It is now happily residing at a pet farm.

Douglas Fairbanks and his wife are back in Hollywood after a four-months stay in Europe. Doug and Mary Lee flew back on separate planes from England—they never travel together in the air in case of accident. Doug is feeling much better since he had a somewhat hectic rest over there.

What It's Like Working With Bing Crosby

Continued from page 25

humor that clicks with his tempo every time.

Even though she considers this the highlight adventure of her career, it wasn't all glamour. It was work, hard work, and she ran into various hazards. For some years she has seriously studied voice, concentrating on the classical, but when she began rehearsing for her two songs in "A Connecticut Yankee," a solo number and a duet with Bing, she found they demanded an entirely new style of singing from her. This meant a complete reversal of all her previous training as to tonal quality, timing and word emphasis. She was terrified. However, Victor Young, the musical director, was delighted when she started singing for her cold gave her voice the husky, throaty quality he wanted. Now she's convinced that singing popular numbers and giving them the rhythmical punch that makes them stand out so forcefully, is a talent in itself. She likes it and intends mastering the magic technique.

"Then there was the dance episode," explained Rhonda. "While singing my solo, I gave a couple of whirls as I decorated a table with flowers and this suggested to Bing that here was a good spot for a little dance routine. I had studied ballet, tap and ballroom dancing, but had more or less pushed all this aside when I went into my singing cycle. Whatever I do I go at it with such a vengeance that I can't divide my allegiance and accomplish much. So a dance routine meant a lot of intensive work. Bing and I dance a minuet and this, also, required hours of practice. And don't think that dancing in elaborate costumes is easy, for the yards and yards of floating materials must be skillfully handled or somebody gets tripped up. I had to do some experimenting to avoid this, but I loved every minute.

"The rich costumes—and oh, the colors are breathtaking, along with the picturesque settings and the musical score composed by Johnny Burke and James Van Heusen, all combine to create a romantic world for this gay drama. It's set away back in 525 A.D. Then there is a modern prologue, also, an epilogue that takes place around 1905—the Gibson girl era, which permits some enchantingly feminine frocks."

This is the third time the famous "Connecticut Yankee" has been filmed. In 1921, it was a silent offering. In 1931, it starred Will Rogers, and in both versions they skipped the love interest, emphasizing the comedy. In this lavish production, radiant in Technicolor, the original Mark Twain story has been closely followed and the romance is given prominence.

"The set of a Crosby picture is always fun," Rhonda gaily took up her story, "for the star's comedy never falters. He's an expert in delivering amusing asides, and he *ad libs* when the camera stops, adding hilarious and irrelevant dialogue that keeps everybody in a happy humor.

He likes to have people around and there are always groups of friends watching every scene. He's friendly and willing to talk with anybody—but not about himself. And how cleverly he can sidestep this!

"Yes, it was fun. But all the nonsense stopped when a scene was called. Bing takes his acting seriously and instantly snaps to attention, and he expects everyone else to do so. He's a perfectionist. He always appears easy and natural on the screen because he has mastered each and every detail. The lines in this comedy are highly amusing. He got every shade of humor out of them. It looks easy, but he works over each word of dialogue, every bit of action until he gets the exact interpretation he thinks is right. Then he goes into a scene and tosses them off in that casual manner that has become distinctly his own. No one can adequately imitate Bing Crosby. He's the screen's Individualist!

"Our director, Tay Garnett, was wonderful. He helped me over some rough spots. Always cheerful and considerate, and if he had a criticism or a suggestion, he quietly talked it all over. This avoided any confusion or nervous reaction, which I appreciated."

Rhonda was up every morning at six and at the studio at seven, for it required two full hours to have her hair arranged, be made up and get into the complicated costumes—she had nine elaborate changes, all designed to illustrate the period of *King Arthur*. Too, there was the session with the corsets, which were very high but not too stiff. Her own long bob was lengthened with a "three-quarter fall" which the hairdresser curled each night to keep it matched with her own natural curls. Rhonda says she thanks her lucky stars that she didn't live in those ancient days which might have been romantic, but not long on comfort.

Rhonda became a bit serious. "Everything about this picture was perfect. There was a thrill every day as I learned something new. For instance, Bing never wasted energy in rehearsal and so he came to a scene fresh and with his imagination alive. He was always punctual. Too, he was always perfect in his lines and luckily for me, I'm something of a whiz at memorizing. He was very considerate with everyone, and gave me every break, photographically.

"Bing's role is so imaginative he was given full play to go the limit and was always adding some new whimsy. As for me, I had to play mine—*sweet*. But I had my moments."

Rhonda was born in Los Angeles. Her mother, who came from Mormon stock, was an actress before her marriage, and as Effie Graham appeared in many New York shows. Her grandfather, an actor and theatrical producer in Salt Lake City, gave Maude Adams her first role as a small child. And her great grandmother crossed the plains with Brigham



Celeste Holm and John Lund among the shoppers at the Actors' Hobby Mart.

Young to settle in Utah.

It was at the age of five, as an angel in a Kindergarten pageant, that Rhonda made her first public appearance. A 16 mm film of this event includes a close-up of the tiny girl whose happy grin reveals a gap where two teeth should have been.

At fifteen, she was offered a film contract, but her mother thought she was too young. Realizing, however, what was inevitably before her daughter, she enrolled her in a dramatic school and intensified the singing and dancing lessons. Rhonda admits she had no burning ambitions and never once thought of becoming a movie star, though sometimes she dreamed of startling the world as a great singer.

Evidently, it was the mother who cherished the ambitions, but she wisely never mentioned them nor urged a career. From her daughter's childhood she had been teaching her to read dialogue and to appreciate the value of words, how to walk and stand and meet people. And because the girl adored her pretty mother she accepted this coaching as a game, little realizing she was building the foundation for a bright career.

Her chief interests at this time were sports. She captained the basket and volley ball teams at the Beverly Hills High School, was a member of a championship bowling team, and excelled at swimming and tennis.

It was Henry Willson who became her chief promoter. He had seen her several times, then one night he glimpsed her in Ken Murray's "Blackouts," and decided she had film qualifications. Being an executive of the Selznick studios, he took Rhonda to see Mr. Selznick. She was so nervous during the interview that she was sure she had ruined her chances. Then as Mr. Willson walked to the studio gate with her he was halted by a message from Mr. Selznick, saying, "Never mind the test. Sign her." And she was—in!

Rhonda believes she's been especially fortunate in her directors. During that agonizing moment before she first faced the camera in "Spellbound," and completely awed by the importance of ap-

pearing with Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck, she felt she was slowly turning to stone. Director Alfred Hitchcock grasped what was happening and strolling over to her, he drawled, "Why be nervous? This is only the most important day of your whole life." She was so startled that she laughed. The tension was broken. Which was exactly what the director planned.

Everything about that picture was exciting, but she gaily confesses the greatest thrill came with the scene in which she kissed Gregory Peck. Her vivid imagination had completely swept her into the characterization, that of a sultry sophisticate of dramatic intensity, and in their long romantic kiss she gave her all. She hadn't learned how to simulate emotions—that comes with training. To her, acting was the real thing, not merely pretense. She floored Greg at that moment for never before had he received a screen kiss embossed with such warmth, such sincerity.

Not only is Rhonda beautiful, with lovely coloring and full lips that are alluring, but she has the figure that photographers consider perfect. Height, 5 feet, 7 inches; weight, 125 pounds; waist 25 inches; bust, 37; hips, 36; ankle, 8.

She's lived a drama of her own, for at sixteen she married her schoolboy sweetheart. But somehow, things didn't work out happily, and after trying for seven years to adjust to each other, they talked things over sensibly and secured a divorce. There is no resentment, no bitterness, and they share the care of their small son.

Now, with a more mature outlook, Rhonda has pushed aside love and marriage for the time being. She realizes that marriage and a career seldom work together, and as she has the opportunity for a bright career, the marriage she hopes will be hers must wait for awhile. But being truly feminine, she admits there is a handsome young actor, John Hilton, who has the qualities she admires. They are congenial, sharing a love for the outdoors and all sports. Will this eventually become serious? Who can tell!

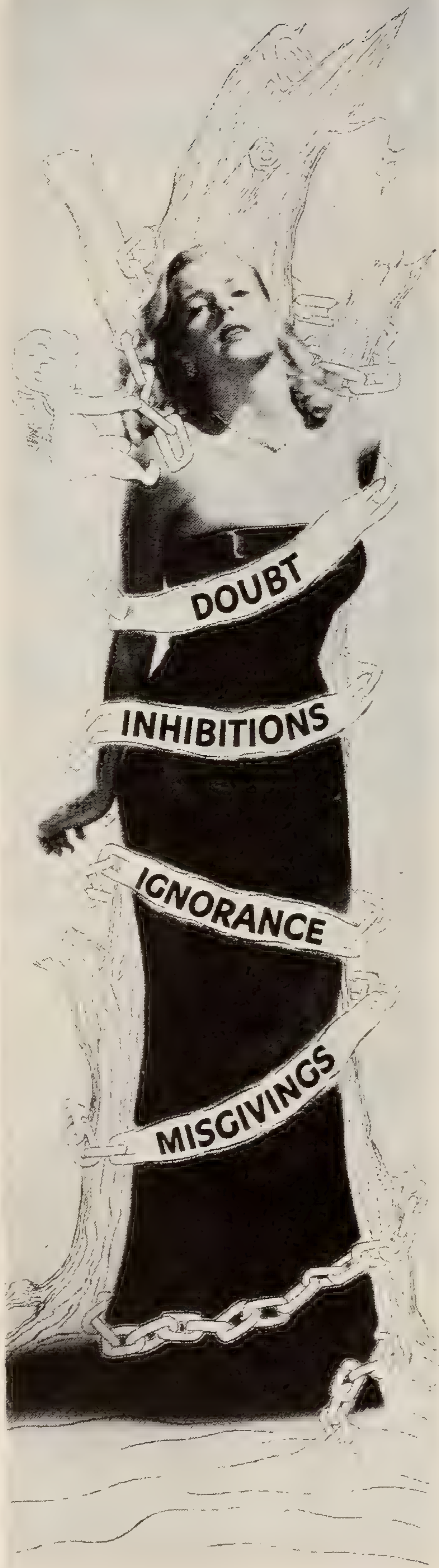
"Being in a picture with Bing Crosby is like a dream come true," said Rhonda, smiling contentedly. "Besides the fascinating story of comedy and romance, I wear beautiful costumes, and I dance and sing—our duet, 'Once And For Always,' is very lovely. What more could any girl want to boost her career?"

"Yes, I consider 'A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court' an important milepost in every way. It gives me the most important role I've ever had, very glamorous and very congenial. If I win, I have the chance to go on toward the top.

Paramount and Bing Crosby have no doubts of her success. Still under contract to David O. Selznick, Paramount has borrowed her for one picture annually for four years, and she's been signed for three films with the Bing Crosby Productions.

Presently, she's in "Easy Does It" with Bob Hope.

All in all, it isn't difficult to predict that Rhonda Fleming will become one of the screen's favorite stars!



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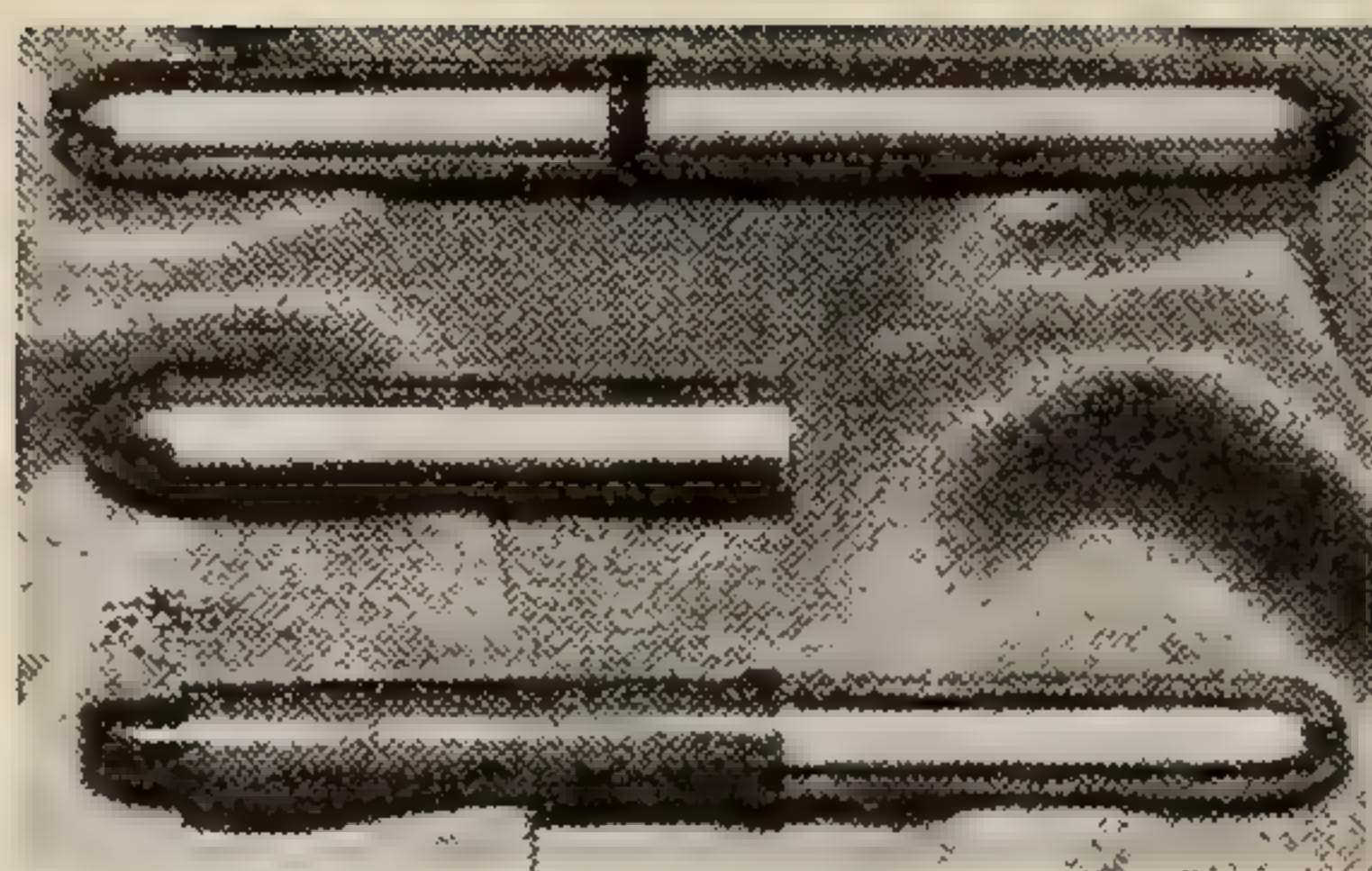
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GUIDE To Glamour



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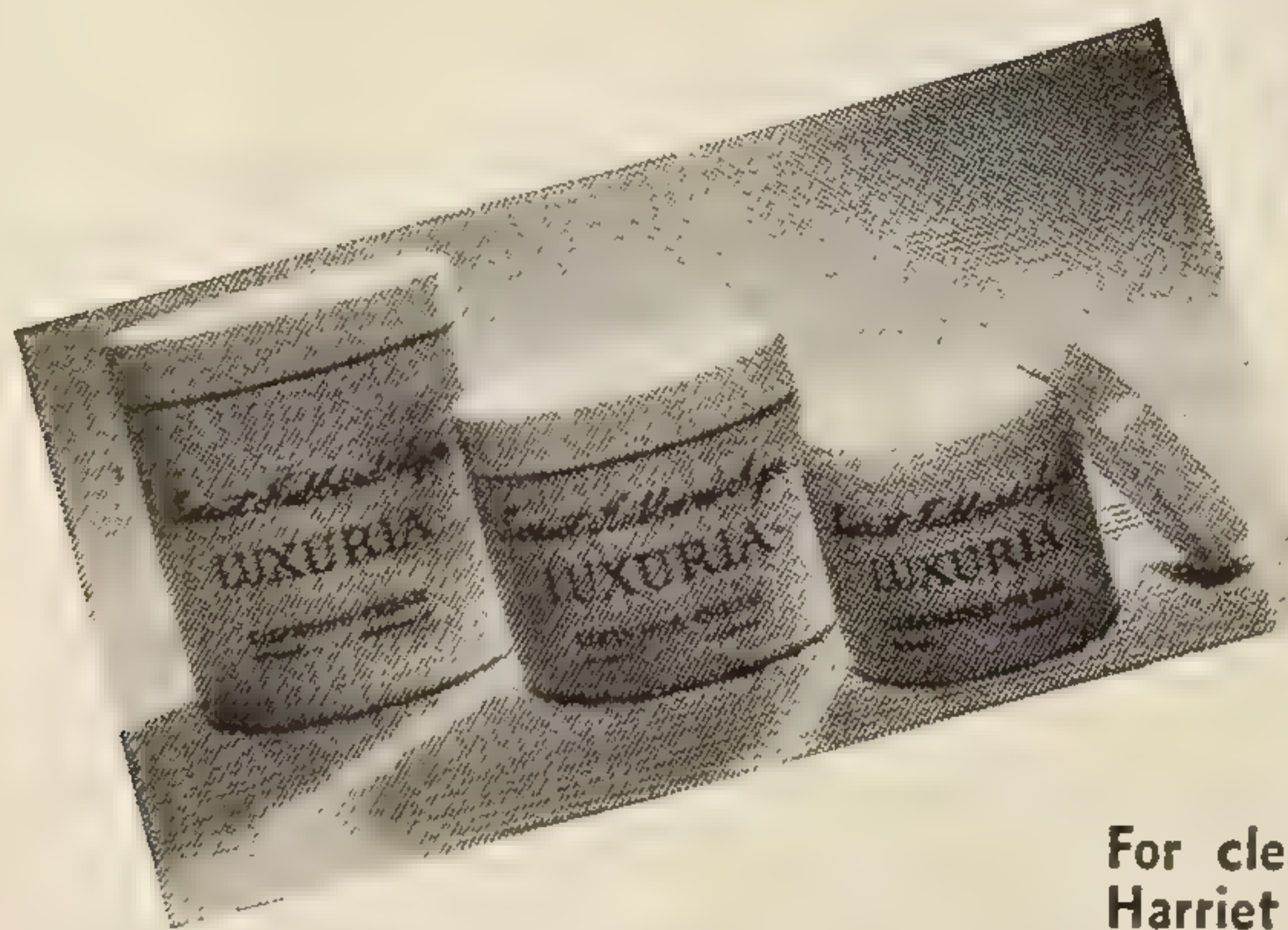
The new Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion is as fragrant as ever but is now pink and in a finger-grip, slip-proof bottle. In sizes from \$.10* to \$.79*, here is your solution for soft, lovable hands and "comfortable," smooth body skin.

Luxuria Cleansing Cream, by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, is more than a cleansing cream; it's a kind of all-in-one for that dew-on-the-rose effect we crave at this season. In sizes from \$1* to \$3.50*, here is your facial Spring tonic!

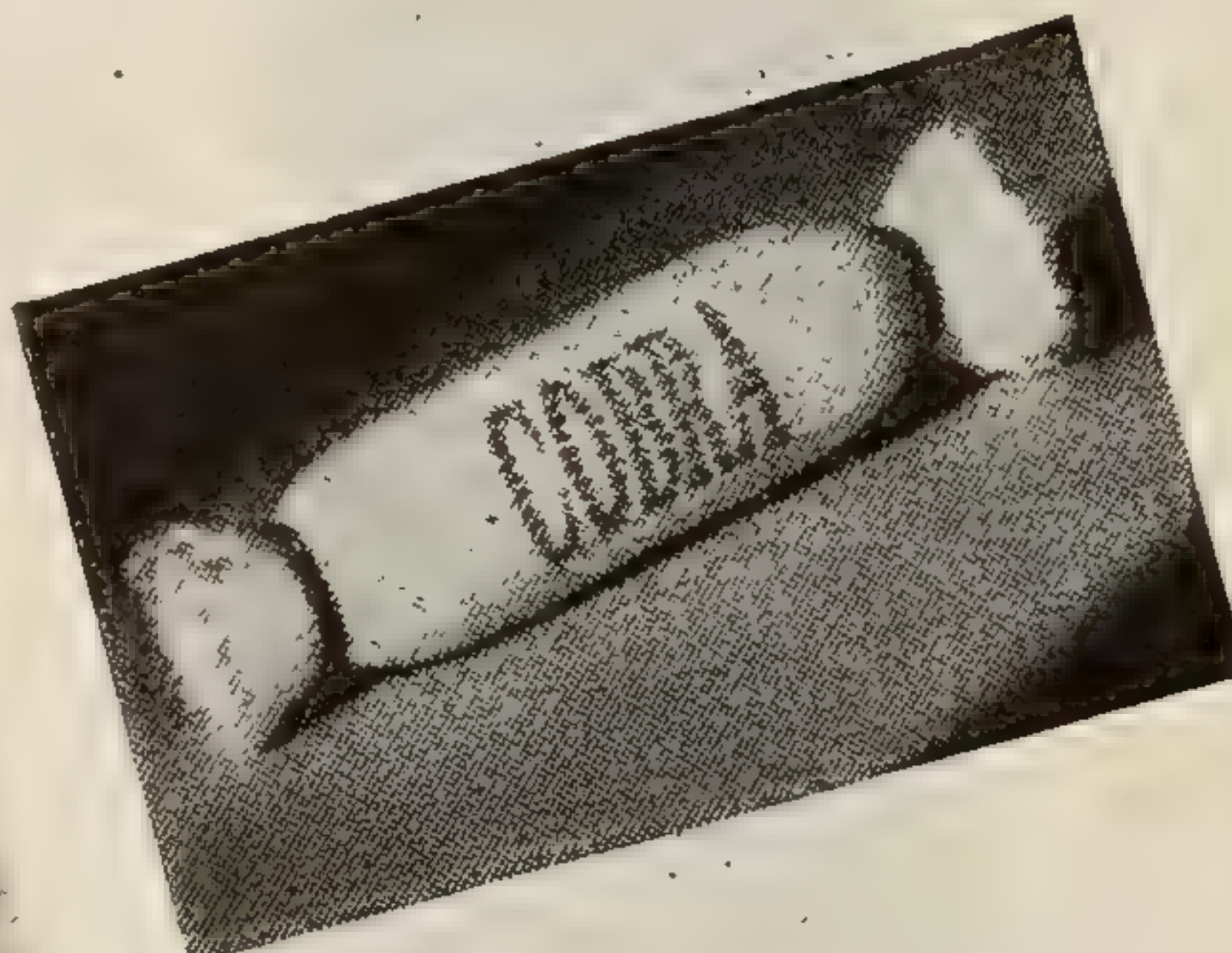
She shall have perfume wherever she goes with Weil's Evettes, dainty ampules that you crush in your fingers. The fragrance is Cobra, and twelve applications



The hands he loves to hold are yours with the new Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion. The new has a rosy-pink tint and a slip-proof bottle.



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Cobra perfume comes in ampules to crush between your fingers.



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are \$1.50*. This is an ideal way to make perfume a part of your personality.

There are many heads that thrive on a pure Castile shampoo, which in this case means Conti. It's a thorough cleanser and leaves your hair with that immaculacy that is beauty, itself, plus lustre and silky texture. In sizes at \$.43 to \$.79, it's a good Springtime beauty tip.

*Plus 20% Federal Tax

C. M.

So You Want To Act?

Continued from page 26

his vehicle, has muscles to prove his trade.

But an actor, according to Gregory Peck, is not an actor until he has an audience. Acting, the commodity in which a thespian deals, is the transference of a thought or an emotion from the actor to an audience. This electric message is brought into being only when there is an audience—unless, of course, one is seventeen and is satisfied with what goes on between one's mirror and oneself.

So, Gregory observes with a grin, the first concern of a group wishing to form a Little Theatre must be attracting a guaranteed audience.

Two committees should be formed; one to attend to business details, and one to attend to artistic problems.

The business committee, according to the experience of the units with which Greg worked in his beginning days, should get in touch with the city's service clubs, such as Rotary International, Lions', Kiwanis, or some of the fraternal organizations. Such groups are always civic-minded and are usually planning a benefit of some kind, so are glad to support a dramatic project if they have confidence in the people in that dramatic association.

Greg says, "Once a sponsor is secured to distribute the tickets and to divide the profits, the Group's next problem is to secure a suitable theatre. In La Jolla, we were fortunate enough to secure the use of the high school auditorium."

There are several things to consider when selecting the place in which a series of plays are to be produced. First, the acoustics should be good. No audience can be lured back week after week if most of the playtime is taken up by half the audience whispering to the other half, "What did he say?"

Next, the committee should check the accessibility and number of fire escapes, as well as the availability of parking space. If a theatre satisfies the three major requirements of proper acoustics, reasonable safety, and reasonable parking facilities, it is to be hoped that further favors will be added in the form of adequate space backstage in which to move drops and flies, and that there will be at least two large dressing rooms.

The latter two items are luxuries, of course, and not to be taken too seriously. Shakespearean casts have dressed in piano boxes, and grand opera stars on tour have slapped on makeup in tele-

phone booths.

The next problem—within the province of the artistic committee—is selecting a play . . . with only one set, if this is humanly possible. The committee should write to one of three play publishers: Samuel French, Inc., Century Plays, or Drake Play Publishing Company, all of New York City, New York, and should ask for a play catalogue.

These catalogues detail each play published as to synopsis, number and sex of cast, royalty to be paid, and the number and type of sets needed.

Greg has found that “unfortunately, the great preponderance of theatrical aspirants are girls. About ten girls to one man is the usual turnout. However, once a group gets well started, more and more men will be attracted.”

Once the play is selected and rehearsals are started, the business committee should check the list of required properties, then make a list of probable sources. A smart business manager will borrow everything necessary for a successful play—for this reason it is likely that some of the greatest actors are swallowed up in the guise of business managers.

While the business managers are extolling the play and representing to furniture store owners the extent of good will plus advertising benefit to be derived from loaning the play company two lounges, four floor lamps, a rug, three occasional tables, etc. etc. etc., the cast will be going down into the valley of the shadow to pull a play out of the pages of a bloodless script.

And oh, the things that will happen. Take, for instance, the harrowing experiences of Gregory Peck this Summer.

The Actors Company played for nine weeks at La Jolla, presenting nine plays during that time. Each play was rehearsed one week in advance; this created a situation in which, after the break-in week, there was always a play in preparation and a play on the boards. The footlights never cooled!

Magnificent Jane Cowl was secured to do a part in “The First Mrs. Fraser,” and was well into rehearsal when calamity ensued. She was being transported from her hotel to the theatre in the Peck station wagon (*Greg was not driving*), and fell out as the car rounded a curve, making a three-point landing, backward.

She arose from the highway with the dignity of a queen, and ordered the horrified station wagon driver and the other passengers not to touch her. Fortunately the community hospital was only two short blocks away. Miss Cowl walked that distance—a little unsteadily, of course—but with the determination and durability of a pocket battleship.

At the hospital she told the admittance nurse, “I am Jane Cowl, and I have been injured slightly in an accident.”

Extensive tests indicated that she had sustained a concussion of the brain.

This posed a serious problem, both for Miss Cowl and for Messrs. Peck and Ferrer, who were faced with the need to replace an irreplaceable artist. An understudy was trained amid havoc and chaos, but on opening night Miss Cowl arose from her hospital bed, disregarding the

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orders of her doctor, and went through the play in the tradition of the undaunted trouper.

The audience, sensing a theatrical Great Moment, gave her three solid minutes of welcoming applause upon her entering line, and rewarded her further with fourteen curtain calls. They adored her.

All Little Theatre Groups get ambitious; Greg and his associates were no exception to this rule. They were determined to give their audiences Jennifer Jones in a role of her own selection. When she and her mentor, David O. Selznick, decided upon “Serena Blandish,” the Actors Company gulped, but gamely agreed.

Their one-set-per-play policy promptly sustained a compound fracture because “Serena Blandish” is an English melodrama requiring six sets, one of them a London bus top!

Furthermore, because Jennifer’s “live audience” experience consisted mainly of some Eastern Little Theatre performances and a few audience-present radio shows, she was terribly on edge at thought of all those white balloons of curious faces floating beyond the footlights. She wanted three weeks of rehearsal.

In the midst of the last week of rehearsal, Greg was notified by Equity that Louis Jourdan and another actor, who was doing a character part, had to be eliminated from the cast because they were aliens. Seems that Equity has an iron-clad rule, to protect American actors,

that no alien may be employed in American Little Theatres. Not even Shakespeare himself would be allowed to work in an American Little Theatre.

Luckily, Mr. Peck is the let’s-not-blow-our-top type. He soothed Miss Jones, who had dissolved into oceans of sympathetic tears for the two vetoed actors.

“There must be something we can do,” he reasoned. His series of frantic long distance telephone calls extended from the Equity office in New York to the vacation spot of the president of Equity at Palo Alto. His cables sped to Joe Cotten in London, and to other influential citizens likely to be able to cajole Equity into making two slight exceptions to its rules. Nothing doing.

At this point, Mr. Selznick decided that if Jennifer couldn’t be surrounded by the cast of her choice and his approval, he would withdraw his most glittering star entirely.

This left Greg and the Actors Company, on Thursday night, without ANY PLAY WHATSOEVER for the ensuing week—with the theatre sold out to the rafters for six nights, too.

Greg dried his dripping forehead, gulped another cup of coffee, then observed in his velvet-pad voice, “Let’s not do anything radical. Let’s see what we can work out.”

There should be at least one Gregory Peck in every Little Theatre Group as insurance against Thespian battle fatigue, third degree.

Eventually a solution was reached: the two actors would be allowed to remain

in the cast, said Equity, if the Actors Company would abandon its Little Theatre status and become full-fledged professional theatre. The difference between the two classifications is financial: all backstage people, in professional theatre, are paid full union scale. Also, the actors must be protected by a three weeks' salary guarantee. Finally, the royalty to be paid the publisher for use of the play—in the La Jolla case—more than tripled.

A quick huddle broke the news to the rest of Greg's associates in the Actors Company: the result of accepting a professional rating would be bankruptcy.

Like many a Little Theatre project in the past, Greg and his confreres ended by digging into their pockets to pay the deficit for their season's endeavor.

"But it still didn't cost me as much as Crosby's golf costs him," insisted Mr. Peck thriftily.

Despite the hectic months spent in producing the season's plays at La Jolla, Greg found time to advance his other hobby, photography. Professional Hollywood cameramen are agreed that Greg is now so good he could get a job in two days time as a full-time lens artist if studio business were to die on the vine forever.

While Greg and Greta were in Haiti, Greg took over a thousand pictures with his Rolliflex. One set of camera studies centered around the commercial plant of a pair of ex-GIs, who were stationed in Haiti during the war, and became permanent residents afterward. These observant gentlemen had studied the native practice of making household wares out of mahogany, and had decided that if the implements could be built on an assembly line, they could live comfortably while the natives—still doing the work taught by father to son for countless generations, but doing it on a streamlined basis—would grow prosperous.

Greg and Greta brought back several salad bowls, a series of hors d'oeuvres trays, nut dishes, and relish plates, as well as a pair of carved, primitive fig-



Dorothy Malone, of "One Sunday Afternoon," with Scoop and First Edition.

ures, each about eighteen inches high.

Greg presented a delightful spectacle as he left the plane at La Guardia Field in New York, carrying one grotesque doll under each arm. He suspects that some of his fellow passengers, viewed his transportation of primitive, hand-carved images as a step toward voodooism.

It is possible that next season Greg and the Actors Company will be happy to include the two statues in their La Jolla-bound luggage on the premise that both voodoo and black magic would come in handy in any attempt to make Little Theatre pay off handsomely in something besides supersonic nervous breakdowns.

"Even so, a person couldn't have a more exhilarating hobby . . . not even Russian roulette," is the final Peck summary.

In case you, too, are determined to establish a Little Theatre in your community, you might write to The Actors Company, c/o Vanguard Studios, 9336 Washington Boulevard, Culver City, California, for further information and suggestions.

You'll get an answer. You know how fellow hobbyists stick together!

Dynamite With Dimples!

Continued from page 37

year off to earn clothing and book money. It was a long year—one that Kirk thought would never end—but came a brisk September morning and Freshman Douglas set off down the highway, bound for St. Lawrence University. With him to share the fortunes of the road was a friend who was returning to the college as a sophomore; as Kirk and this sophisticate strode along, the second-year man explained some of the St. Lawrence traditions to Kirk. There were about seven hundred students, he said, about half of them being girls, the most beautiful collection of distraction on any campus in America. The college hangout was The Sugar Bowl, and you could also get a check cashed at the Co-Op.

In the midst of this indoctrination course, the boys were offered a ride. They looked over the vehicle of the samaritan

driver; they looked at one another. They shrugged, then climbed on top of the cab.

Their chariot, which conveyed them onto the campus in an aura of high promise for future harvest, was loaded with fertilizer.

Kirk (*as modest a man as you will find hitching a ride anywhere on earth*) looked around the college buildings, up and down the college streets, and concluded that it would be impossible for him ever, completely, to merge with the glamorous life of the university. These gilded youths, wearing their sport sweaters boasting huge block letter L's, smoking their pipes, tossing off witty quips, belonged in a world apart from anything Kirk had ever known. These exquisite girls, full of coquetry, teasing and laughter, were goddesses far beyond the Douglas reach.

"I'll just study hard, earn high marks, and stay pretty much to myself," he promised himself, making rapid tracks toward the nearest hot shower.

Three weeks later, Undergrad Douglas was wearing a collegiate sweater (*letter to come later*), was holding a pipe which he didn't smoke, and was dating the tidiest numbers in the telephone book. His orientation was complete.

After earning his A.B. degree at St. Lawrence (*his major was English, his minor languages both Germanic and Romance*), Kirk went to New York City to enroll at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. After having worked his way through four years of cultural college work, he was prepared to work his way through two years of professional school. He found New York about twenty degrees less kindly than a college town, though.

Take, for instance, that first Thanksgiving. It was a school holiday, of course, so Kirk slept late. When he did awaken toward noon, the distant, taunting scent of turkey roasting reminded him that he had exactly twenty cents in his pocket.

Kirk showered, shaved, donned a clean, frayed shirt, and did what he could with a wire brush to remove the mirror from his blue serge suit. Once on the street he spent a nickel for a newspaper and scanned the inner pages carefully; in an obscure corner he found what he had hoped for: an announcement by the Salvation Army that at noon, they would be serving a free turkey dinner including cranberries, chestnut dressing, giblet gravy, fruit salad, and pumpkin pie. Also all the coffee a man could drink.

Drooling every step of the way, Kirk walked thirty blocks only to find a queue of equally hungry men patiently waiting their turns before the steaming tables. The aromas floated out—delicious on the bitter air; the line moved only an inch at a time. Between the fragrance and the traffic jam, Kirk thought he was going to faint, but he was still fairly upright when after two aching hours a regretful worker passed along the line, telling the disappointed men that the food supply was exhausted.

Kirk stumbled to the nearest beanery and dined on a ten-cent hamburger and a five-cent cup of coffee. Then he trudged thirty blocks home. At such moments are heroes made.

But, as is usually the case, the bitter experiences were modified by the sweet. At the American Academy, Kirk met two girls, who were to influence all his future life. One was a slim, straightforward, ambitious girl named Betty Bacall. The other was a newcomer from Bermuda named Diana Dill, whom the irrepressible Americans promptly nicknamed "Pickle."

Occasionally, Diana and her best girl friend patronized Schrafft's, where Kirk and his buddy were working as waiters. The situation was a little confused, because Kirk liked Diana, Diana liked Kirk's buddy, the buddy had an eye on Diana's girl friend, and the girl friend—inevitably—favored Kirk. Nobody was getting any farther than a string of figures on a Wedgwood vase.

Kirk might have worried about it more extensively if he hadn't been so near the end of his course. Upon graduation, he hit Broadway. Broadway hit right back. Although Kirk secured a number of jobs, each of them lasted quick. The only good thing about the experience was that no matter how fast the show closed, Kirk always managed to inspire a few good personal reviews. Things began to pick up.

When he snagged a job serving as understudy in the Katharine Cornell company, Kirk could feel the hot breath of Fame on the back of his neck. But Fame didn't work as fast as the Japanese. They bombed Pearl Harbor and Kirk joined the Navy. He was sent to Notre Dame for his indoctrination course.

One night he and a group of conversational fellow Midshipmen were discussing the problem that began with Eve, when one of the boys flourished the current issue of *LIFE* magazine with the statement, "This is my idea of the dish to end dishes. My, my what a tasty morsel."

Kirk raised from his bunk on one elbow (*merely to give a fast opinion*) and nearly swallowed the magazine. "I know her," he sputtered. "I went to school with her."

Derisive laughter goes here.

"All right, all right. I'm a rear admiral and you guys can salute me with mop handles if her name isn't Diana Dill. Go on, turn to the contents page. Check me."

When his identification proved to be correct, Kirk began to get a little respect around the barracks, and a lot of encouragement to write to Miss Dill. As soon as he could manage it, without having the entire squadron leaning over his shoulder, Kirk wrote to Diana, congratulating her upon her cover-girl debut.

For days he was afraid to answer Mail Call. And more afraid NOT to. He needn't have scorched the decks; Diana answered, almost by return mail. Kirk answered. Diana answered. Postal department receipts sky-rocketed.

As soon as Kirk was graduated, a resplendent ensign, he hopped a plane for New York. By wire he had already made a luncheon date with Diana and ordered an orchid for her; so—dazzling in his new suntan uniform—he called for her at her apartment and took her to one of the town's plushiest spots.

They had tickets for a matinee, but before they called a taxi to go to the theatre, Kirk asked earnestly, "Do you mind waiting in the lobby of my hotel while I change uniform. Regulations, you know."

When he returned, he was wearing dress blues. The darkness of the fabric emphasized the new ensign's towering blondness; gave him a Viking air, in fact—a situation duly noted by Miss Dill.

After the matinee, Diana and Kirk had cocktails then Kirk said, "Will you excuse me once more. I have to change for dinner. You know—regulations."

A few moments later he descended in starched, gleaming, and elegant whites. (*Diana is a girl of great self-control; not even the corners of her mouth twitched. Nowadays, of course, she recalls the day*

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as a panorama of swiftly passing uniforms. "I concluded that we would win the war. Our Navy was going to blind the enemy with beauty.")

After his New York leave, Kirk was ordered to Miami, then to New Orleans. When he received word from Diana that she and a group of models were being taken to Phoenix, Arizona, for a series of fashion photographs, Kirk wrote, "On your way back to New York, stop off in New Orleans for a visit." Blithely he ignored the geographical fact that New Orleans was almost a thousand miles off the route between New York and Phoenix. Miss Dill didn't seem to think of it either. Or perhaps she knew what Kirk was going to ask her the instant she stepped off the train and had decided that New Orleans would be a charming city in which to be married.

The ceremony was performed in the Navy Chapel on November 2, 1943. The bride wore a blue dressmaker suit with hat to match, and the groom wore dress blues. Regulations, you know.

The wedding ring that Kirk slipped on Diana's finger has a tender history. Kirk had always admired the wedding ring worn by his older sister; it was a wide, heavy band of yellow gold, its entire surface exquisitely carved. Holding his sister's hand, Kirk had said many times, "When I marry, I'd like my wife to have a ring exactly like this one."

Naturally, when Diana agreed to be married in New Orleans, Kirk was faced with a problem. He was on duty all day, so had no time to take Diana to a jeweler's. Resourcefully he wired his sister, asking her to secure—from the jeweler who had supplied her own ring—an exact duplicate and to air mail it to him.

Zip, back came a bright and shining ring in a velvet jeweler's box.

There was nothing to indicate that the band so swiftly provided was actually his sister's own wedding token, and not until years later did Kirk learn the truth. It had required several months to replace the ring.

From his New Orleans duty, Kirk was transferred to Miami (*Diana was able to fly down from New York between modeling jobs to see her husband*), then was shipped out on submarine patrol duty. From the Atlantic he went to the Canal Zone, missing Diana's daily letters which couldn't be transported fast enough to keep up with the sub patrol, and from the Canal Zone he went to the Galapagos Islands. It was there, during an attack on a Jap sub, that Kirk was smacked against a depth charge rack. He didn't pay much attention at the time. After all, when you think you're going to take a torpedo amidships in about ninety seconds, a few bruises seem nominal.

Not until he came down with raging fever and abdominal hemorrhages, did Kirk realize that the war was over for him. Protesting hotly, he was shipped to San Diego Naval Hospital. He didn't let Diana know where he was, not at once, because he didn't want to worry her. But his mail began to catch up with him.

Between the last letter he had received and the first to arrive at the hospital, there had been a silence of many, many months. Naturally, Kirk's first missive

was like getting into a movie during the fourth reel; Diana's references to what she had said the week before, the month before, or even the day before, were pure mystery. But on the third page there was a small, breathtaking statement that began, "I've been thinking that, when the baby arrives. . . ."

Kirk read it ten times, then let out a whoop. Men in wards a thousand feet away sent orderlies to find out if the war had ended.

Kirk's elation was diminished by the realization that now he couldn't tell Diana he was in a hospital. He couldn't telephone her. He simply had to wait for each day's letters to give him their clues about how soon the baby was due. By the time that secret was revealed, Kirk was a mere four months away from fatherhood.

Mr. Michael Douglas, the newcomer in the case, is now almost five. His deepest interest is a water dispenser, any water dispenser, which he tries to drain into a Dixie cup. Kirk thinks that he will probably grow up to be an hydraulic engineer . . . or a life guard. Michael now has a baby brother named Joel, whose hobby is still not too far removed from a tall bottle of milk.

As soon as Kirk was medically discharged from the Navy, he flew back to New York, became a father as itemized above, and stepped into a nice part in "Kiss And Tell."

At this point, Lauren Bacall comes back into the story. She and Humphrey Bogart boarded a New York-bound Super Chief one afternoon and met Producer Hal Wallis in the club car. Conversation drifted to the manner in which talent is discovered and stars are polished, and Lauren said, "I used to know a man who had tremendous talent, and who should be in pictures. The last I heard about him, he had just been discharged from service and was working in a Broadway show. You should catch a performance because I think he's star calibre."

"I'd like to see him," said Mr. Wallis. "What's his name?"

"Kirk Douglas," was the answer.

Kirk returned to his New York apartment one evening to learn that Mr. Hal Wallis of Hollywood wanted to see him. Kirk made an appointment and was astounded, after a fifteen minute conversation, to hear Mr. Wallis say, in effect, "I believe that you have what it takes to make a motion picture star. I don't have a definite part to offer at the moment, but I'll get in touch with you when I do."

Kirk didn't take it too seriously. Besides, he had a good toe-hold on Broadway, and he was set to start rehearsals for a new play. Those rehearsals were going to take so much out of him, he decided, that he couldn't waste time dreaming of Hollywood.

According to Kirk he is a cross between an outraged black leopard and the Great Stone Face when he is in rehearsal; alternating between spells of violent and angry prowling and growling, and hours of staring into space. To spare Diana, on this particular occasion, Kirk sent her to Miami for a visit with her

family.

While Diana was gone, Kirk received a wire from Hal Wallis offering him the part of Walter in "The Strange Love Of Martha Ivers." Impulsively, he tossed his extra cuff links into a suitcase and went West.

His manner of announcing this to Diana was typical. He wired, "Look where I am—in Hollywood. Explanation follows. Love, Kirk."

Diana joined Kirk as soon as possible. For awhile it looked as if they were going to have to glue a few empty Wheatie boxes together as shelter, but they finally found a wonderful, rambling old house high in the Hollywood Hills. Kirk has built picket fences and painted them, and has cut enough firewood to barbecue an elephant.

Diana has selected rugs, drapes and upholstery fabrics, and has picked up some attractive antiques to supplement the things she had shipped out from New York. However, her domestic plans are subject to occasional postponement be-

cause Diana is set for a film career of her own after her fine work in "The Sign Of The Ram" for Columbia.

Before Diana was tested and signed, Kirk liked to hold forth at great rate about woman's place being in the home, about her duties to civilization, and her responsibility to the younger generation. A domestic life, he insisted, was the proper role for womankind.

A friend teased him about this pronouncement, after having seen Diana's sensational screen work. "How does that square with your fancy ideas about frau and fireside?" Kirk was asked.

Kirk merely looked surprised . . . and owlish. "But Diana is *different*," he said. "She has talent. She has a great gift. It would be a mistake for her not to exercise her ability to the fullest extent. I think it's wonderful for her to have a career. Career women frequently make the best mothers." Then he grinned.

Who knows, Diana and Kirk Douglas may become the first Lunt and Fontanne of the American screen.

Lay Off Teenagers!

Continued from page 35

badgered by parents or teachers or by professional lecturers or columnists or even scenario writers.

"If they really wanted to, they have plenty to gripe about," Barbara asserted. "How would *you* like to be patronized with the regularity the bobby-soxers and teenagers are? Too many people think all they have in mind is swooning, jitter-bugging and accenting hep—and it's hep I mean, not hip. In the last three years I've heard much to assure me there is rebellion in the ranks of young people. It's rebellion against the cheap, the tawdry, the vicious and the unclean. Rebellion against any attitude of their elders that misinterprets their seriousness about life."

Barbara became eloquently resentful at what she termed a tendency on the part of too many elders to lump delinquency and teenagers together.

"Every so often someone comes out with a big bleat about a kid who's strayed from the narrow, who's done something terrible, who's stolen or killed someone or committed some frightful social crime," she said. "And the result is that all teenagers get a black name, and the cry goes out across the land, 'American youth is demoralized,' and the name-calling starts."

It is her belief the youth of today are not greatly different from the youth of past generations. Sports and music and entertainment and dates are enjoyed just as much as ever. But today's young people, she insists, don't like to have their elders look at them as though they could possibly be thinking of anything but hell-raising.

"I'm not saying they don't get into trouble," Barbara declared, "but they're just as serious about their lives as older people are. Maybe more so. At least they're making sounds that indicate an effort toward understanding national and international affairs. It's solid-sending, I

say, even when it's interspersed with talk about a 'drip' or a 'goon.' I think the professors are right—those professors who have really studied the teenage group—that it's a matter of muscles. If the muscles are okay, so are the mind and the manners."

And Barbara asks the self-answering question: Where, but in the U. S. A., can you find better muscles than among the young people—"so firm, so round, so fully-packed?"

She stressed the point that the young people of today know how to take care of themselves, and they will not tolerate a "don't-do-this, don't-do-that" atmosphere at home or in school.

"Can you blame them?" she said. "They know only too well that constant scolding is likely to develop furtiveness, and that is fatal to charm in young or old. Certainly they neck. Why not? It's the only way they can be sure there isn't something wrong with them that even their best friends won't tell them about."

"As for the girls, they can tell a wolf at 80 paces without hearing his howl. Though they're curious, they have no insistent desire to have a wolf for a pet."

The half light of the early evening gave a softness to Barbara's fine hazel eyes and honey-colored hair and edged the contours of her broad face. In repose she could've easily been a Glamour Girl. But she was almost never still. Whether she was discussing her latest pictures, RKO's "Blood On The Moon" or Enterprise's "Caught," whether she was talking about her engineer husband, Carl Schreuer, and their little four-year-old daughter, Susan; or the lives and times of teenagers, her eyes and down-curved mouth and flickering hands were all expressive of a restless intelligence. Her restiveness, however, is not the type that leaps at you to evoke a possibly neat response. Rather, it's an electric quality

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that springs from a sensitive, imaginative spirit.

She talked of the alertness and the humor, too, of young people as she has come to know these characteristics.

"The kids today are really intense," she remarked. "They know the score in politics, in the latest atomic research, in the jockeying of diplomats just as they know it in football and baseball. But they have a sense of humor, too. Marriage is the goal of the girls. Like their mothers before them they want husbands who are generous, attractive, industrious, amusing and who don't eat pretzels in bed. There is no pretense about them and always they know what they want. The phonies in the Desirable Male Derby are scratched before the race begins. That's as true in Wilkes-Barre and Topeka as it is in Hollywood and New York.

"They're not looking for the money of an Astor or the physique of a Doak Walker or the line of a Yale cheer leader. You know what? They want nothing less than a composite of these characters—but the motivating factor must be love. Absolutely. Perhaps lasting love, too. Who knows?"

With her trim, well-rounded little figure—weight 112, height 5 feet, 3½ inches, Barbara Bel Geddes might serve as a model for intelligent youth. Average youth, too. She has an odd idea. She thinks it possible for an average girl to live an average life and still be a movie star. She likes her home better than a night club, thinks it fun to figure out the right kind of decoration for the living room, listen to the newest records, indulge her talent for painting, read plays and novels and biographies curled up in a big chair, play with Susan. She resents being catalogued, typed, and, unlike many stage stars who scorn Hollywood while basking in its golden pastures, is honest enough to declare she's completely infatuated with movie-making. She has a notion teenagers also are resentful of being catalogued.

"The girls and boys are supposed to talk a mysterious gibberish of their own, but it's the product mostly of cartoonists and gag men and Tin Pan Alley troubadours and Broadway wisecrackers. Cartoonists, in particular, are the worst offenders. They make teenagers out a bunch of nitwits, without sense, without poise, without character. What bothers young people most of all is being misunderstood.

"They use slang, of course, but no more than their fathers and mothers did in the days when 'Twenty-three, skidoo' and 'Oh, you kid' were the rage. They clip some words short, like 'natch' for 'naturally.' They used to say 'hubba hubba' which could mean anything, and 'character,' which could mean anybody. A boy friend or a girl friend is still called 'the one and only' and a conceited boy is often referred to as 'big time operator.'"

But Miss B.G. refuses to believe they go to such extremes of parroting the gag-men by calling a soda a 'moo with goo,' or a boy and the girl he's dated as 'a Jackson and his drag,' or a good dancer a 'jive bomber' or a superman in reverse 'a stuporman.'



Jane Powell with Joey Adams, night club comic, during Manhattan visit.

"That's cartoon talk," insisted Barbara. "The real hep teenager doesn't go in for it, except as a burlesque of the cartoons. The teenager, more than anything else, wants to be natural."

Barbara believes, incidentally, that young people want their characters on the screen to be natural, to be realistic. She thinks the chief reason for the appeal of many foreign pictures to the teenage population lies in their simple realism.

Her own credo as an actress is to be real and natural, not something like a fugitive from a fashion magazine. With her lively, earnest gestures she finds it stimulating to see American youth facing and solving its problems in its own idealistic way.

"Too long we imbibed the prejudices and inhibitions of our elders," she said. "Now the kids are doing their own thinking. I notice they read newspapers diligently—probably much more diligently than their elders did at the same age. And I think you'll find them less extreme in their fashions than their elders were at the same age. I've yet to see an oversized bow tie on a teenage youth, and though bobby-sox make legs look square and stocky they're to be preferred any day to high button shoes."

As for all the supposed concentration on jive—well, to Barbara it's mostly exaggeration. She denies that lessons can be studied to the accompaniment of jive records. Anyone who could absorb math or English history with a jive record spraying discords would have to be, she said, deaf, dumb and dopey. And teenagers "are none of these."

Though Barbara's film contract allows her to do a legitimate play each year, she has not yet taken advantage of that clause. Nor does she see any likelihood of doing so any time soon. Last Summer she rejected, without any hesitation, two of Broadway's most promising parts for the new season—the role of *Anne Boleyn*, opposite Rex Harrison in "Anne Of 1,000 Days," and a stellar part in Jean Paul Sartre's "Red Gloves" with Charles Boyer.

She prefers California. So do Carl and Susan. They like the climate, the casual style of living, the people—particularly

the young people with their interests and creative achievements in writing, acting, painting, photography, their success at self-government.

Carl, she said, would like to get into pictures, too—in the production end.

Meanwhile, they'll keep their youthful spirits, make trips to New York and Europe and South America "to refresh those spirits," see what the young people are doing and why. After all they, too, are young people. And hep to modern trends.

Every Girl Should Marry, But—

Continued from page 39

"One was obviously buying her trousseau and her friend was nearly jade green with envy.

"Jane, you've got to let me catch your bouquet or I'll just die!" the friend wailed to the prospective bride. "Do you know I'll be the only girl in our crowd left unmarried? It's simply grim. Maybe I should marry Jim. He's so dull, but he does have a good job. And I can't bear being such an *old maid*!"

"If that girl marries poor old Jim, I'm sure she'll give him a bad time of it because she'd be using marriage as nothing but an escape. In all probability theirs would be that one of the three that would end in divorce," Diana went on.

"Many girls marry before they are at all interested in being real or good wives, and without waiting for the right man, just because all their friends are getting married, because 'everyone in the crowd is doing it' and they can't bear to be different. That's just downright silly. You *know* there are girls who get so steamed up about the prospect of showers and orange blossoms that they don't give a single thought to the serious side of marriage, to making it a permanent thing instead of something to be tossed away like an old dress.

"Then in contrast there are the romantic souls who are emotionally tempted by the idea of marriage. They are generally the ones who are in love with love. They meet a new man and immediately fancy themselves in love. They say that 'rockets go off in their hearts' and think *that* is an adequate basis for getting married. But emotional rockets are inclined to be just as short-lived as the Fourth of July variety. They aren't to be trusted.

"What's wrong with being an idealist and waiting, if need be for several years, for the *right* man? The one who is emotionally compatible? The one with a mutuality of interests? The one who will be a lifetime partner instead of a husband to be shed in Reno in a year?

"Actors live emotionally and have emotional reactions. If we didn't we probably wouldn't be actors. But that very emotionalism can be a hurdle in marriage. Most actresses love their work and don't want to give it up after saying, 'I do,' and that too can be a hurdle.

"At 22, I know I'm not a Sarah Bernhardt, but I do think of myself as an actress and I'll be quite honest: I don't know if I'd want to give up my career for marriage. I definitely would if I knew the success of my marriage depended upon it, but if possible I'd prefer to go on acting.

"I suppose that's why it's easier for an actress to marry a man who is in the picture business or is somehow associated

with it, so that he knows its problems and can understand her ambitions. With such understanding there would be need for fewer adjustments. And I do think that most of the adjustments made in marriage are made by the woman, don't you?"

We couldn't argue with Diana's reasoning on that point, but asked how she felt about career girls, other than actresses, and their marriages.

"Personally, I believe it takes mutual dependence for a couple to stay married and happy. There should, of course, be certain independence and respect for individuality, but a couple needs to be sufficiently *dependent* on each other's love to overlook flaws and the irritations which must arise.

"Very successful career girls, especially those who earn more than their husbands, are inclined to feel sometimes that their financial independence gives them the freedom to do anything they wish. A woman without her own income, on the other hand, seems more willing to adapt herself.

"Don't misunderstand me. I feel every girl should be trained and prepared to earn money, just in case the need should arise. But there seems to be something deeply ingrained in women's natures which makes them lose respect for men who don't dominate a marriage. I've even known this loss of respect to lead to out-and-out hatred.

"I don't believe men, generally, try to give women a difficult time in marriage. They like to be the boss, the head of the household, but can you blame them? That has been their position through thousands of years, and *because* women wanted it that way. I repeat, very rarely do women respect a man who isn't dominant. They like to look up to their men.

"A great many American girls, any psychiatrist will tell you, have a fairy-tale idea about marriage which isn't practical or smart. They expect the courtship to last forever. They believe it's entirely up to the male to continue the flowers, favors and solicitude of their courting days. They don't admit that the wife should share in this effort, too.

"After all, during the courtship and engagement, a woman and man are mutually courting favor; they are always on best behavior. After marriage they all too often take out their ill humors on each other; the romantic atmosphere is dissipated. But still the wife feels slighted because her husband forgets to bring flowers or some other token of affection. Why shouldn't she occasionally buy him a box of his favorite chocolates? Or the kind of tie *he* likes instead of the pattern *she* prefers?

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"Some women seem to be born to be wives, possessing a genuine flair. Others acquire it by adjustment. And there are plenty of career women who continue their careers because they enjoy the stimulation of their work and are simultaneously successful wives because they are thus stimulated into being more interesting persons.

"I've known many well-adjusted women who continued working after marriage who were the finest imaginable wives and mothers, but at home they were *women* and not animated business machines. Neither were they incurable romantics who think the honeymoon must last forever, that marriage is a rose-covered cottage existence in which the man on bended knee daily offers his heart on a satin pillow to his spouse.

"If one is at all romantic—I'm afraid I am—it's tempting to think of marriage on that last basis, but I know better than to *expect* it. I know that I will have to do at least half of the giving to achieve any sort of give and take basis.

"I think the present high divorce rate in our country is deplorable, but I also believe that there is no sense in a couple's going on together for the rest of their lives if they have made a mistake," she continued. "Of course I feel they should make every effort to salvage a tottering marriage. But if in the end all

efforts, including help from religious and marriage counselors, perhaps even from psychologists or psychiatrists, have failed, then a divorce seems the only solution.

"I do think girls should be more serious and selective *before* they marry. Not trust those 'rockets going off.' Not marry just because all their friends are.

"I guess my final answer on the entire subject would be that I think every girl should be married *if* she's been selective, honest with herself and her prospective husband, and then is willing to make every effort to make her marriage a success."

Diana married John C. Lindsay, 30, an architect, on December 18th at a beautiful church wedding. Jane Withers was matron of honor. Edith Head designed Diana's wedding gown which was of traditional white satin. Only 15 close friends and relatives attended the ceremony, but at the reception which followed at the home of Wynn Rocamora, Diana's agent, 300 guests attended. Diana and John spent their honeymoon in Bermuda.

Diana first met her husband at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Martin last June. They started dating regularly in August and, in keeping with Diana's belief that engagements should be short, announced theirs on November 3rd.

What Friendship Means To Me

Continued from page 40

was.

He taught me a great deal, or I learned a great deal, from the love my dad had for my mother and my mother for my dad. They were sweethearts from the day they met until the day my dad's death parted them. But I got it they were friends as well as sweethearts, and that was pretty inspirational, too.

When you start from scratch with two pretty good friends in your mother and father, and then meet the girl you love and she's your friend, too, and in between there have been other links that don't get rusty with time, or crack under strain, you've got the bead on friendship—what it is and what it's worth.

I don't know that there is any way, in spite of the books that have been written on the subject, to tell people how to make friends. I don't think you "make" friends. I believe, with my dad, that friendship happens to you "like the sun shines on you." I take this to mean that if you like someone well enough, *honestly* like him, he'll like you. If he doesn't, he's not in your league anyway.

A few yarns about some of the guys that are in my league and have been from way back, may give an idea of what, in my opinion, the score is.

I was raised out in Wisconsin with a guy named Spencer Tracy. We were together at Marquette Academy when World War I offered adventure and I joined the Navy. Tracy followed me.

Later, we were in New York together, both of us trying to be actors and not succeeding, and living together in a broken-down trap on West End Avenue around 93d Street. We were roommates without room rent.

Eventually, I wangled a road job and Tracy got a part without lines as a robot in the Theatre Guild production, "R.U. R." It paid \$15.00 a week and he ate. But this comes later.

One Winter, this was in 1923, when Spence and I are broke, George McBride, a guy we'd known in Milwaukee (*where his old man was in haberdashery*) comes into New York on an expense account. That's our boy. We're doing pretty well, Spence and I, while George is in New York; we really have him on the cuff.

One night at a joint with gas-jets, up on Lexington Avenue, the three of us are having steaks and they're beafts. Suddenly, Spence and McBride are looking kind of green, and they're blowing. Quitting the joint, that is, taking a walk-out. They're telling me, "The gas is escaping, let's scram." I say, "I'm staying." I stayed—and ate all three steaks.

Later, I run into Spence on the corner of Lexington and 86th Street. He says, "The place might have blown up, you creep. You're stupid." I say, "You're stupid." We start to punch each other. After we're both mussed up a little, we roll down our sleeves and start to walk

home, Spence on one side of the street, me on the other side of the street. We get home and there's the mumbo-jumbo. The tag is, "Goodnight, Spence," "Goodnight, Pat"—and tomorrow's another day.

Toots Shor was in New York, broke when I was broke. Guys like Toots and Spence and me could always eat on the cuff; could always talk someone out of a meal. Now that Toots owns the big famed feedbag that carries his byline up on West 51st Street in New York, he doesn't forget what a tab on the cuff can mean to a broke guy. Always kind, Toots was, and *never forgets to be kind* . . .

Those were the Roaring Twenties, those days when Tracy and Cagney, (*Jimmy and I go back over twenty years*) Mark Hellinger, Frank McHugh, Lynne Overman, Frank Morgan and I were boys together, were broke together; when Damon Runyon was writing the first of his great tales of Broadway and Jimmy Walker was Mayor of New York. A great era when if you had a buck you were lucky; if you had an extra buck maybe you were a burglar.

In those days, I wanted the great big limousine, the great big house, the great big swimming pool, the chance to throw my Rand-McNally around a little—we all did. But we never resented the guy who had the great big car. We never got the idea that he should divvy up.

I like it that way. I'm glad it was that way. I was broke and I got an extra buck and maybe I'll be broke again, so what's the difference?

What's the difference? And what's the matter with all these bums called Communists that are doing all the talking about the divvying up and that's a lot of malarkey.

Ever hear the one about the would-be Communist who was being quizzed for membership in the party by one of Comrade Stalin's recruiting Reds? Says this Red to the would-be Commie, "If you had a big, beautiful, shining expensive car and your neighbor had none, would you give it to him?" "Yes," says the Pinko, "if I had a big, beautiful expensive car and my neighbor had none, I would give it to him." "Ahhhh," approves Moscow's missionary, "you make good Communist, good, good. Now, if you had a big house, a mansion, and your neighbor had none, would you share it with him?" "If I had a big house, a mansion, and my neighbor had none, yes," says the menace-in-the-making, "I would share it with him." "Ahhhh, you make good Communist, good, very good. Now, if you had two shirts and your neighbor had none, would you give one of your shirts to him?" "But I GOT two shirts!" screams the Pinko.

So there you are: A Commie will give you anything *he hasn't got*—and you can quote me, in great big letters!

What's this got to do with friendship? Everything. A friend gives you, shares with you, anything he's got, from a tab on the cuff to a tab on his time, his home, his heart. You won't find a Commie in that league.

Anyone who reads newspapers or listens to the radio—especially anyone who

reads Walter Winchell's column or listens to Winchell on the air, knows that the late Damon Runyon died of cancer of the throat.

In the last years of his life, Runyon couldn't talk. He wrote what he had to say, and it was plenty, on slips of paper and passed them over to his friends. At a party one night, it's mentioned that Hollywood is thinking about making a film of Runyon's life. Runyon writes something on one of his slips of paper and hands it to me. What he writes is that if ever his life story is done on the screen, it would make him happy if I did it. If ever the story of Runyon's life is done for the screen I hope, too, that I do it.

First time I met Hizzoner Mayor O'Dwyer of New York, was about eleven years ago, on the Chief, going West. We got talking one night, in the Club car, and little did O'Brien know to whom he was talking.

O'Dwyer was then prosecuting attorney of Brooklyn and was making history wiping out Murder, Inc., but "the face wasn't familiar" nor was mine to him and it didn't matter. Later, after dinner, O'Dwyer sent a porter to ask me to join him for a nightcap. We talked together late into that night and on into Los Angeles. When we get to Los Angeles, O'Dwyer comes out to the house, meets Eloise and the kids and becomes completely enamoured of the lot of them.

Two or three years ago, or maybe more, Eloise and I brought our daughter, Mavourneen, to New York with us and we stayed at Gracie Mansion, the three of us. Kind of a wonderful thing for a fifteen-year-old kid to remember she stayed at Gracie Mansion; to know she sat on the front porch where George Washington once sat, watching the British troops disembark, wondering what the score was going to be.

A couple of years ago when our baby, Bridget, was born, O'Dwyer writes me a letter. "I want to beat Toots Shor to the punch," he says. "I want to be godfather to the baby." Right in the midst of administering the duties of the biggest city in the world, the Mayor of that city flies out to Hollywood of a Sunday morning and is godfather to our baby.

Reminding me, not that I ever need reminding, of a friend way down in front of any of these, Jimmy Gleason. Jimmy Gleason taught me everything I know, and not only about acting. In the Roaring Twenties, Jimmy had a stock company. He came to Milwaukee with his company and took time to give me the works; he was always so kind to me. He is Mavourneen's godfather.

So, this trip to New York, we sit in the library at Gracie Mansion of an evening, Bill and I, and talk. We both love sports. We sit there and pick our all-time teams—football, baseball, boxing. We talk theatre. He's crazy about the theatre, O'Dwyer is, nuts about Gilbert & Sullivan. He's crazy about *people*, loves people and in our love of people we're in the same league, and when you love people, there's no end to the talk between you.

But what we will talk about for hours

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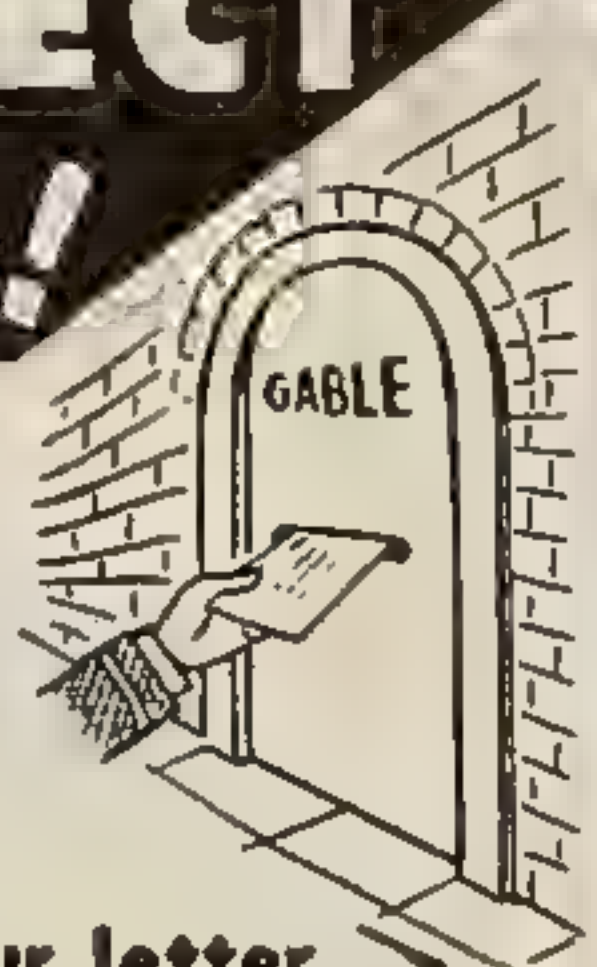
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is, Bill will talk about Kitty, his late
beloved wife; me, about Eloise.

Bill talks about Kitty like she was a
little girl. He talks about the way she
loved New York, their New York.

Thinking how Kitty would have loved
it added to Bill's love of "The Naked
City," our good friend, Mark Hellinger's,
last picture, which IS New York, is Hel-
linger's salute to the city he loved, too.
After the film was run for Bill and he
got up to make a speech about it, he
didn't make much of a speech, not in
words, he didn't. He choked up. He
"fluffed his lines," as we say in show
business. But what came over with the
tears was orchids to Hellinger as no
smooth flow of rhetoric could have been.

After we saw the picture, Toots, Steve
Hannagan, one or two others and myself
went up to Gracie Mansion with the
Mayor, sat around and dished.

Hannagan was saying that Mark was
the greatest check-picker-upper that ever
lived. "One night we were having dinner
at Duffy's Tavern," says Hannagan.
"Knowing Hellinger's reputation as a tab-
taker, I take Duffy aside and warn him,
'I don't want that bum to get this check.'
Comes tab-time and Hellinger itchy to
take it, Duffy stalls the deal, or tries to.
'If I don't get this check,' says Hellinger,
'I'll never come into this joint again.'
'Oh, for God's sake,' says Duffy, 'give
ME the check!'—and he takes it."

I'm telling about the last time Mark
and I were together . . . the time Toots
and his wife, Baby (if Baby has another
name, I don't know it. She's Baby and
that does it, to Toots) were visiting Hol-
lywood and we have dinner on the Strip,
Toots and Baby, Mark and his Gladys,
Eloise and I, and Orson Welles, on the
loose. After dinner, Mark takes us to
his house to see a picture. The picture
he runs is *Rockne*—because he knows
that Toots loves football and that I am
in the picture—and that's Mark. Dual
purpose. Wasn't that a cute thing?

Recently, Toots and Baby were in Hol-
lywood again. This time, they're in Hol-
lywood for Gladys, who is without Mark.
In his strange, fantastic sensitivity, Toots
is always there when a fellow who was
there isn't anymore.

Not long ago, another pal of ours,
Louis Sobol, the ace columnist, lost the
wife he loved; lost, to quote him, "The
sweet beloved redhead to whom I said
my final goodbye that frost-bitten day in
January of this year." One night, Toots
called to tell me he wouldn't be eating
with me at my favorite table in my fav-
orite New York beanery, which is his.
He said, "We're going down where a guy
is lonely." He and Baby were going down
to Sobol's.

"Mr. Jiminy Crickets!"—that's Toots
at his most profane. That is Toots' pro-
fanity. Guys that love him, guys like
me, know there isn't any profanity in
the big lug.

One thing about friendship, when it's
in your league, it takes in your whole
family. Your friend isn't your friend un-
less his affection is not only for you, but
for you and yours. . .

A couple of years ago, Eloise and I
were in New York, on our way to Lon-
don, England, for the Command Per-

formance. The night before we sailed,
Toots Shor gave us a party at his apart-
ment on Park Avenue. (Toots' apart-
ment in "The Naked City," by the way.
He loaned it to Hellinger while Hellinger
and the cast were shooting in New York).
It was a party to end all parties. Ethel
Merman came over and sang her brains
out; Joe E. Lewis came over from the
Copacabana; Bill Powell was there; Bob
Hope. And Jimmy Walker, who was one
of the great friendships of my life,
stopped by. I met Walker at the Lambs
Club in New York before I ever went to
Hollywood. I'd met him, later, at lunch-
eons and parties; never spent an evening
alone with him in my life, wouldn't have
presumed—but there was a guy I revered
and loved—so, this evening, at Toots'
party when Jimmy was told that Eloise
and I were on our way to England to be
presented to the King and Queen, he
goes over to Eloise, kisses her hand, looks
at her and says, "A greater compliment
could never be paid a Queen."

After the Command Performance,
Eloise and I are in Paris, having our-
selves a fling, when a bellboy comes into
our hotel room with the New York
papers. The headlines read: **JAMES J.
WALKER DIES.**

From Paris, I wrote to Toots: "Dear
Toots," I said in part, "God must be get-
ting very lonely because guys like Jimmy
are called upstairs all the time, lately."

All the time, lately . . . now, Runyon
and Hellinger. . .

Once a week, every week of our lives,
Spence, Jimmy Cagney, McHugh, Frank
Morgan, Jimmy Gleason and I get to-
gether at Chasen's, or at one of our
homes, and dish like a lot of old dames.
Now one of the greatest members, Lynne
Overman, isn't there anymore. He got
called upstairs, too.

These days, my two sons and I swim
together, oh, daily. We fish together. I
teach them how to throw a football,
laced the right way, and not just like it's
a hard-boiled egg. I teach them how to
play baseball, never to throw it under-
hand, always overhand. I tell them that
immaculate linen and clean fingernails
are important. I tell them it's better to
be kind than to be king. They know the
number of stars and stripes that make
the American flag and how it got that
way. I talk to them about friendship and
how it's something you can never buy or
bribe. I tell them about Jimmy Walker
and Jimmy Gleason and Hellinger and
Runyon and O'Dwyer and Cagney and
Tracy, and what a lot of guy each guy
was, in his way, or is.

I tell them that everything I've taught
them will be no good unless they say
their morning and evening prayers.

If Sean, say, has a beef about some-
thing, I talk it over with him, lay the
cards down, face up, say, "Have we got
a deal?" wait for the answer, "Yes, Dad,
we've got a deal."

So, as a result, these are two more
great friends I've made . . . two more
guys, along with the other great guys,
in my league.

To talk about the guys that are in
your league and have been, from way
back, what more is there to say about
friendship?

Cobina Wright's Gossip Of Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 29

a maid or a bellboy shows up with your order.

It proved fascinating to the movie contingent, although as Barbara Bates, who is Danny Kaye's new leading lady, said to me, "I think this is the hard way to get Kleenex!"

* * *

ANOTHER fun weekend party which drew crowds of stars like Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Danny Kaye, Merle Oberon and Burns and Allen down to Palm Springs, took place during the recent earthquake. Palm Springs felt it worse than any other spot in Southern California, but it gave the whole crowd at the Tennis Club and the Racquet Club a lot to talk about.

George Burns was taking his first drink of the afternoon, when the quake rocked the whole room. Putting down his drink, George looked at his wife and said, "Gracie, if that's the kind of Bourbon they're serving, let's get out of here."

At George Raft's new Desert Retreat, Raft was mixing cocktails at the same moment. George recovered from the first shock and called to his butler, "Bring the ice, but don't bother with the shaker!"

Dorothy Lamour claims that because of the earth's convulsion, she's the only person who ever fell off a horse while it was standing still and Betty Hutton blames her loss at gin rummy that afternoon, on the fact that the cards all moved backward.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, Betty and Ted Bris-kin, her husband, gave one of the most amusing parties in their own Brentwood home the other evening, inviting Danny Kaye and his wife, Sylvia Fine, to be guests of honor. Both Betty and Danny reviewed for their guests, after dinner, the acts they did in London's Palladium. Of course, both of them broke all English records, but not the one for laughs we had in Betty's house.

The climax came when Danny did his impersonation of Kay Thompson, the song and dance satirist who has recently taken this country by storm. Danny put on her makeup and went through the whole act, excusing himself only for a moment before the final number. This closing bit was so good that Van Heflin and Walter Pidgeon both exclaimed, "Why that's better than Kay herself!"

The laugh came when, a few minutes later, they found out that it was Kay—herself—and that Danny had fixed it for her to go on for him, while the incorrigible Kaye slipped into Betty's dining room and was standing there howling to himself!

* * *

KAY, of course, is the former dramatic coach at MGM, who has taught so many stars and starlets how to walk and talk properly in front of the camera. An incomparably clever girl, Kay finally thought of doing an act herself with the aid of a quartet of boys, who

call themselves the Williams Brothers. So adept has Kay become at watching all the stars there is hardly one she can't imitate and her act has, in less than two years, won top acclaim both here and in the East.

Her return to Hollywood was in the nature of a triumph. The Beverly-Wilshire Hotel did a whole new room over for her and her opening party drew every top star in Hollywood. Not since the Circus Benefit, we told you about in SCREENLAND two months ago, have we seen such a galaxy of film celebrities.

Only occasionally does Hollywood live up to its reputation as a fabulous starland filled with glitter and glamour, but Kay's return debut was one of those extra-special occasions.

Imagine a famous face at every table and you have some idea of what the turnout was like. On my left were the Jack Bennys with Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Pressman, and Van and Evie Johnson. On the other side were Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs, while at an adjoining table were June Allyson and Dick Powell with the Johnny Greens.

On the crowded dance floor, Clark Gable and Iris Bynum, whom he's really been rushing, danced by Peter Lawford and Nora Flynn, who, in turn, made dance room for the Randolph Scotts, Arlene Dahl and socially prominent Harry Cushing. Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, the Alan Ladds, newly reconciled Gloria De Haven and Johnny Payne, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, Merle Oberon and the William Powells—all were on hand to applaud the talented Kay. What surprised me most was to see such enthusiasm from a movie colony audience which is reported to be the coldest in the world!

* * *

OF THE more intimate parties I have attended recently I think the most outstanding was the one which Designer Adrian, and his wife, Janet Gaynor, gave.

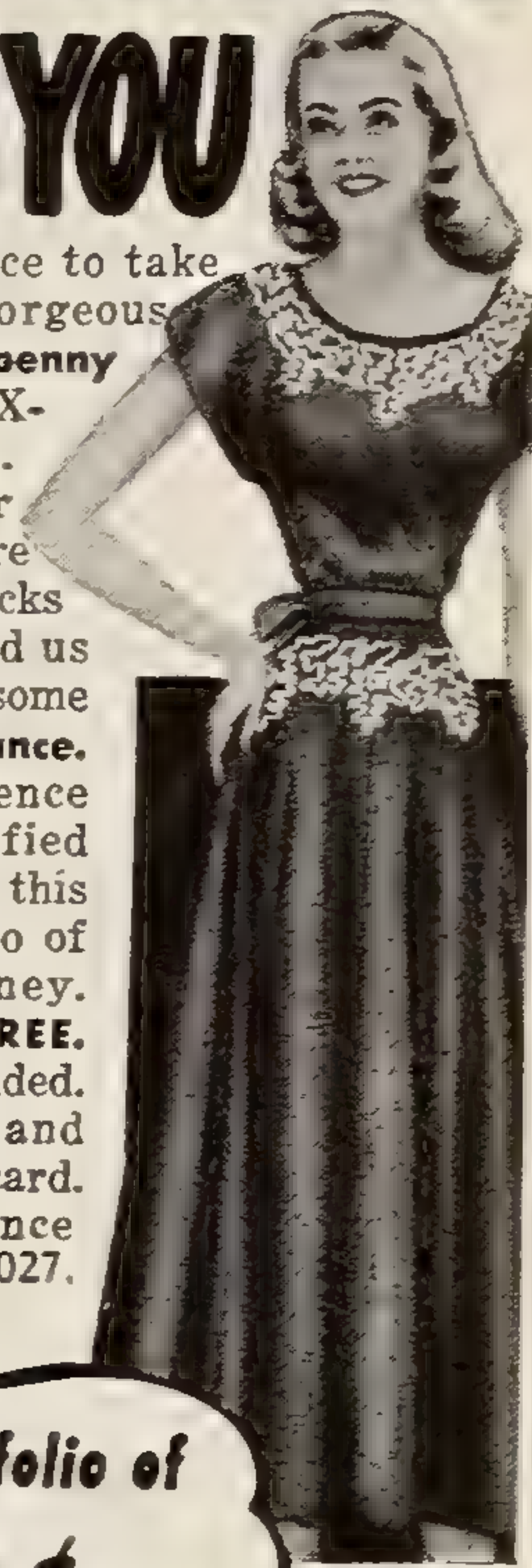
Adrian designs parties with the same verve he puts into everything from painted canvasses to clothes. He and Janet have a fascinating house high on a mountain ridge overlooking San Fernando Valley. A spectacular view from the drawing room windows reveals acres of rolling pastureland filled with grazing cattle. After cocktails in this picturesque atmosphere, Host Adrian invited his guests to go to the sumptuous buffet to fill their plates. By the time they had returned, they found that, with sesame-like ingenuity, beautifully appointed tables had been spread, even down to the last place card!

The other evening Loretta Young and her husband, Tom Lewis, Roz Russell and her husband, Freddie Brisson, Constance Collier and Claudette Colbert were all exclaiming over this amazing transformation. But they were even further surprised, once dessert and coffee were served to discover the tables disappearing with equal magic. I took a minute to admire the unusual piece of

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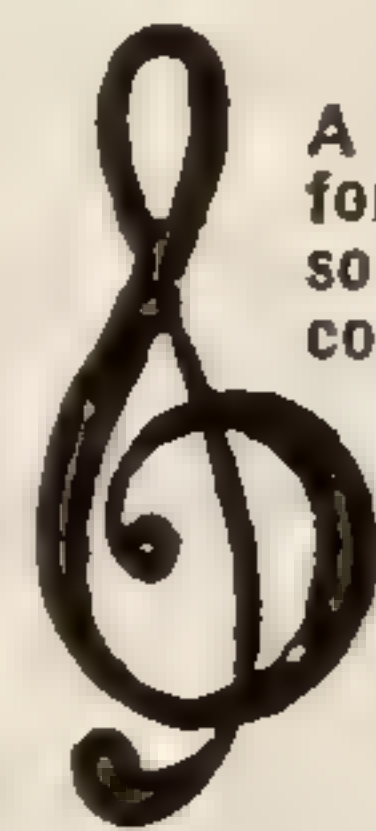
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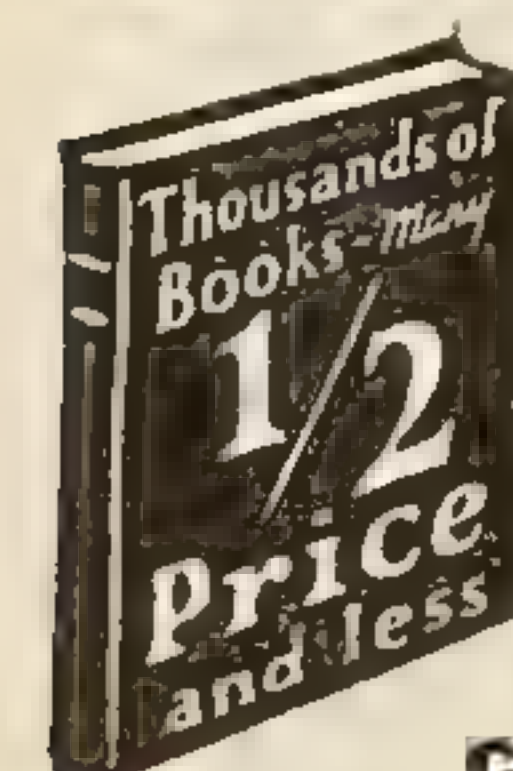
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jewelry which Adrian had imported from India as a gift for Janet. (*It is a huge ring attached to a matching bracelet by myriad fine strands of gold.*)

When I looked up, the room has assumed still another personality—that of

an art gallery. There, with an easel set by the enormous fireplace—and Jeffrey Lynn as an assistant—was Adrian ready to preview his exotic and imaginative African paintings. How versatile can a Hollywood party be?

Kay Nelson's Fashion Flashes

Continued from page 46

becomes a joy to a designer. Incidentally, her home is one of the loveliest I have ever seen; she uses color with magnificent taste. She knows how to drape fabric into a dress, too. One day she brought her little girl into the wardrobe department, looking for something for her to wear to a costume party... Persian Princess greatly preferred. The fact that we couldn't lay our hands on a junior size Persian Princess costume didn't bother Loretta. She said, "Just bring me anything that looks like it," and with various odds and ends, she skillfully draped the little girl into a perfect Persian Princess.

If You Want To Be "Best Dressed" on the campus, start with quality... quality wool in your skirts and suits, quality in the sweaters you wear. My own daughter is in Junior High. She used to spend her clothes allowance for an endless variety of skirts and sweaters. Stretching the allowance that way, she couldn't afford anything good and she finally realized she wasn't doing things right. She looked like every other girl in school. Then she saved and bought a lovely cashmere sweater. That gave her a wonderful feeling of assurance. It was good. All the inexpensive school skirts seemed to stretch and bulge in the rear, so she bought some good wool material, a skirt pattern, and came up with a skirt that looks like \$20.00 but actually cost about \$2.00.

Another Good Idea is to learn the trick of interchanging your sweaters, skirts, jackets, stoles, belts and scarves. Buy them in coordinating colors and you'll save hours of precious time, simply by wearing different items from day to day. Wear them with your own little twist and style and you'll establish clothes personality.

Clever Is The Girl who learns all she can about clothes in college. If there is a course in costume designing, take it for the improvement of your own personal appearance. Psychology courses will help you learn the visual effect of colors. Art courses will give you an appreciation of the beauty of line and color combinations. Any course that deals with posture is invaluable. It seems to me that every girl who leaves college should be ready for the competition to come... ready with her assurance of personal attraction, and the assurance of knowing how to wear clothes.

It's Good to be conscious of appearance, and I think the generation coming

up, will have more of an awareness of self. I always plan, the night before, what I will wear the next day. Then there are no hurried moments of doubt in selection and consequent uneasiness during the day, that perhaps I should have worn another blouse with that skirt.

You Never Know what will happen during the day, what important moment will suddenly arise. It's so very nice to have the feeling that you look right. The only way to do it is to plan your costume carefully... and then forget it.

Self-Assurance Is Half The Battle Won. How you wear clothes, how you walk, how you stand, is a million times more important than having a new outfit. Even if it is old, say to yourself, "It looks just as good on me now as it did when it was new and I like it." The minute you become sure of yourself you wear your clothes well. Notice how Loretta Young wears her clothes on the screen. No matter what she puts on, she looks smart because of her innate clothes assurance.

Strangely Enough the campus clothes in "Mother Is A Freshman," are adaptable to any age from Junior High to College Senior. The velveteens and wools are good for the career girl, the young married girl, for country wear, or for any age "at home."

You Don't Have To Be Rich To Look Rich. Get as good materials as you can, and keep it simple. If a young girl would only remember that she has a good figure and an individual personality, she would never overdress to the extent that she hides that personality. Take an honest look at yourself. Know your good points and bad points and then let clothes cover up the bad and accentuate the good. And don't forget that with the background of a good simple dress, you can express distinction in the way you wear your jewelry or your scarves.

Men Hate to see a girl gussied up to a point where she doesn't look natural and comfortable. They like the kind of grooming that comes from immaculate cleanliness, but they don't like the fussiness of an elaborate, lacquered hair-do. They like to see a girl dressed comfortably so that she can act natural. They hate it when she isn't herself.

Your Date Dress should be just a little bit more formal but not too much more than your classroom attire. If a man sees you dressed casually in the afternoon and

you rush for black chiffon when he asks you for a date, he'll think you're trying to overwhelm him. And never wear an "occasion" dress that twists or pulls out of place, so that you have to keep fussing with it. See that it fits right and stays in place.

* * *

The Informal Dinner Dress is fun if you work out a group of interchangeable. For example, you could start with a little velveteen jacket cut like the top of the sunburst-pleated wool dress in Loretta Young's wardrobe. Add a matching velveteen skirt. One night you could switch the jacket to an off-shoulder blouse or a metallic sweater tucked into the skirt and worn with a leather belt. As for the length of your dinner dress, let your ankles be your guide. If they are attractive, don't hide them simply because a long length is fashionable. If they're good you can keep your dress twelve inches from the floor. If they're not one of your good points, drop the skirt as low as you wish.

* * *

Even Formal Attire goes interchangeable now. With clever changing you can wear the same long skirt four times a week without buying four different dresses. You could have one lace top with long or short sleeves, another of taffeta, velvet or lame. Add a huge pouf of a bow in the back and you have a bustle. Add a checked taffeta apron and you have a new skirt

* * *

When Aunt Clara Went To College girls dressed like their mothers and they wanted most of all to look different. But now the co-ed dresses her age. She goes for casual comfort and a natural look. That's good, but she shouldn't let this current desire to look like the next girl hide her personality. Don't be afraid to wear a scarf a new way, to hang your jewelry on your belt, or to devise any innovation. It will teach you to be a fashion leader later.

* * *

It So Happens that my thirteen-year-old daughter looks good in a turtleneck sweater. I suggested that she wear one of mine to school but she said, "Oh, no, mother . . . the girls don't wear them!" I asked her if she had to look like everyone else. Well, she decided to try it and when she came home she told me that all her friends wanted to buy turtleneck sweaters like hers. She discovered what fun it is to be a little different.

* * *

You Can't Depend On A Saleslady to make you look smart. Too often, with limited time, you rush to a store and your clothes selection is like reaching into a grabbag. If the waistline and the hips fit, the saleslady tells you it looks wonderful. Why not try a different approach the next time you need a suit, for example. Find a good wool skirt, a neutral color such as beige or gray, in a hard finish. Then ask for a separate jacket, black or brown. Add a couple of blouses, one in silk to match the skirt, another in silk to contrast with the skirt but complement the jacket. Then, if you can, find a striped jersey sweater to wear in or out, with a good looking belt.

The Magic Of The Silk Scarf is too often overlooked. One of those yard square silk print kerchiefs can change an outfit in endless ways. You can tuck it into your belt, fasten it with a big gold safety pin and let it hang. You can wrap one corner around your neck and tuck the rest into your belt. Toss it over your shoulder and fasten it into the belt front and back. You can do the same thing with a gold thread or sequin studded scarf for evening. Fasten one corner to your necklace and spread the balance across the front of your dress, or drape it at one side.

* * *

And The Magic Of Color is too often neglected. If you have no awareness of color, a course in art appreciation, or the study of paintings will open a new world to you. You will begin to understand and enjoy color combinations not only for your wardrobe but for your home background. I have files and files of color pictures that I have collected over a period of years. Whenever I see a beautiful color combination in a magazine I cut it out. It might be only the rusty shade of a pipe near the blue of water or the green of grass. It might be the yellow of eggs being whipped by a silvery egg beater in a blue bowl. If the color combination is right and balanced, I clip it and save it. It's fun to develop your own color preferences and it certainly will make you more distinctive when you use them in your clothes.

* * *

And Speaking Of Color it might interest you to study the colors we used in "Mother Is A Freshman." It's a Technicolor production and I don't think we overlooked one single color of the rainbow. But, you'll have to look for them because the colors of clothes must be subtle to form a background that enhances the personality of the wearer.

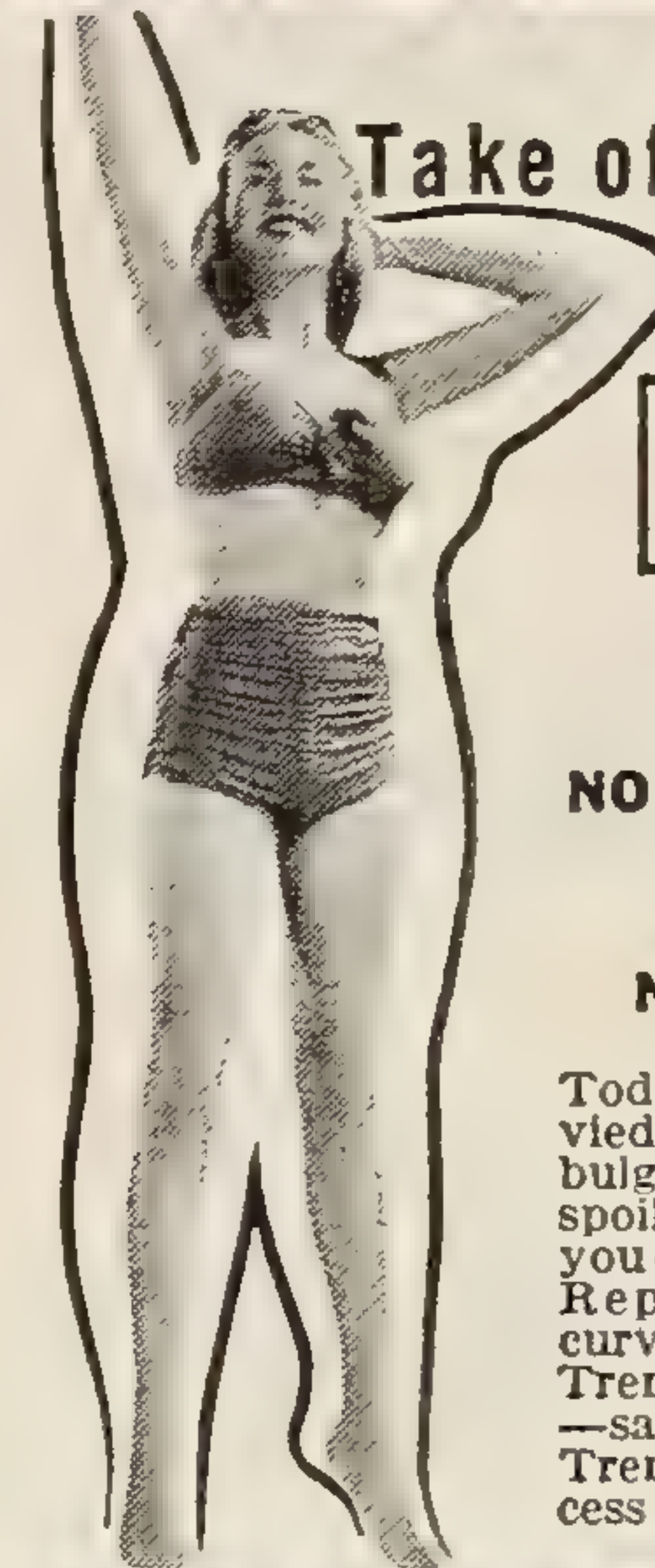
His Fate Is In Your Hands

Continued from page 17

hands never seem at rest. The restless hands are usually a sign of a nervous temperament. Give these hands something definite to do and tension eases. Knitting or crocheting is an effective antidote. And there are few motion picture sets or back stages in the theatre where you will not see members of the female casts knitting. Also, this precision use of needles is a great hand beautifier. For the gentle exercise develops flexibility and grace. On the first page of this story, you will see lovely Janis Paige busy with her knitting, and you will also notice the graceful bend of Barbara Bates' wrist. For lovelier hands and a smarter wardrobe, you might well take to your knitting needles, girls.

Like ankles, wrists are a special point for beauty. Too often, our bones here are prominent, so we resort to concealment or illusion to correct this fault. If you wear any long sleeves, wear them long. The sleeve that is even half an inch too short makes hands look awkward.

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See that your length definitely covers the wristbone. If you like the bracelet-length sleeve, then be sure you cover the wrist area well with bracelets. Bracelets and earrings are the most flattering of all jewelry.

So much for a few points on the appearance of hands. And now the touch, for here is a subtle power. The feel of hand skin should be soft and smooth, of course, but what your touch radiates can build lasting personal relationships. The handshake is very important. The firm, sincere touch makes a good impression.

The limp, lifeless shake is forbidding, to say the least. Always let a man offer his hand to you, literally in this case. When you touch the hand of one whom you love, that touch should express love. We put our hands gently on children and I think they feel the gentleness and affection. Oddly enough, when we become aware of the power within our hands and train ourselves to touch all things gently but firmly, we are developing a great source of attraction when those hands touch humans. People will like, indeed love you for the touch of your hands.

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 14

problem, I'll bet things would still be in a mess. . . .

Whispering Smith (Technicolor) Paramount

THE picture opens with some tough hombre shooting Alan Ladd's horse out from under him, and from then on, Ladd is a rip-roaring, one-man posse in this super-duper Western. In addition, Alan is a railroad detective on the trail of a gang of train wreckers who are looting the derailed trains. Suspicion about his best friend, Robert Preston, finally sets Ladd on—excuse me—the right track. This is crammed with ornery critters, including Frank Faylen and Donald Crisp. Love interest takes a side seat, but the finale shows it's more than possible that Alan will get the gal, Brenda Marshall, too.

Fighter Squadron (Technicolor) Warner Brothers

AN EXCITING action yarn woven around an English-based squadron of fighter planes and pilots during the last war. It has an all-male cast and the humor is along the same lines—masculine. Among the young men who live and die bravely are Edmond O'Brien, as the squadron leader, and Robert Stack, as the pilot who takes time out to marry the girl back home. There are many actual shots taken from Air Force films which lend excitement and authenticity to the picture. Outstanding among the roles is the one done by Tom D'Andrea, a sergeant who goes around chasing British damsels and using the well-known name of "Kinsey."

The Man From Colorado (Technicolor) Columbia

GOOD, fast-moving drama about a Civil War colonel, Glenn Ford, who during the war has developed the lust to kill and destroy. When he is mustered out of the army, Ford is appointed as a Federal judge, and he in turn appoints his comrade and fellow officer, William Holden, as marshal. However, it rapidly be-

comes apparent that Glenn is using his job to turn himself into a dictator and takes delight in imposing unjust laws on the townsfolk. After ordering the hanging of an innocent man, Glenn gets told off—but good—by Bill—and from then on it's open warfare between the two, with Glenn's wife, Ellen Drew, in the middle. Justice finally triumphs and Glenn gets what's coming to him.

Mexican Hayride

Universal-International

WITH Abbott and Costello as the two main zanies, what more can you say? Except, perhaps, that friend Lou eventually finds himself in a bullfight arena which makes for more laughs than his "love scenes" with sultry Luba Malina. There's a slight plot in which Costello is the innocent fall guy for swindler Abbott, and is therefore known to American police as a cagy confidence man. Of course he is no such thing, and in his own screwball fashion manages to prove his innocence, and is allowed to return to the U.S.A. Ah, yes, Miss Malina finally succumbs to the Costello charm and as the two love-birds fly into the sunset—yup, you guessed it—Costello falls out of the wagon.

Three Godfathers

(Technicolor)
MGM

THIS certainly is an unusual Western—three bank robbers, while fleeing a posse, find a deserted camp and a lone woman about to give birth. Before the mother dies, she makes the three outlaws the baby's godfathers and asks that they look after the child. From then on, John Wayne, Pedro Armendariz and Harry Carey, Jr. are no longer concerned with themselves and escape. Instead, with a minimum supply of water, they set out across the desert to bring their newborn godson to civilization and safety. Definitely a tearjerker, the picture, nevertheless, has its happier moments, as in the scene where the godfathers read a book on baby care. Harry Carey, Jr. does well in both acting and singing a cowboy song which turns out to be his own dirge.

The Dark Past

Columbia

WILLIAM HOLDEN is a psychopathic killer who escapes from a penitentiary. He and his gang, including girl friend Nina Foch, take refuge in the Summer home of a professor of psychology, Lee J. Cobb. It isn't until Cobb convinces Bill that he can clear up a recurrent nightmare which the killer has, that you start finding out what made Bill turn into a gun-crazy killer. There are several dream sequences and much talk about psychiatry. The suspense is consistent, and Bill's original blot on his life, which he committed as a youngster, is quite a shocker.

The Countess Of Monte Cristo

Universal-International

THE only thing you can say is that this brings Sonja Henie back to the screen. Her skating with Michael Kirby and a small bit done by skater-comedian, Freddie Trenkler, are the main bright spots. The rest is a rather confused pot-pourri about Sonja, and her chum, Olga San Juan, who are barmaids in a small European kingdom. The girls get hold of a car and decide to palm themselves off as a countess and her maid—Sonja being the pseudo countess. While on the spree, Sonja meets and goes for a dashing lieutenant, Michael Kirby, but not without complications—each thinks the other is a crook. Anyhow, Sonja winds up with a movie contract and Michael.

Lucky Stiff

United Artists

PLENTY of murder and plenty of laughs is the formula for Dorothy Lamour's latest. Along with Dotty, Brian Donlevy and Claire Trevor find themselves in some hair-raising situations which begin when a night club owner gets bumped off and Dotty is accused of being the guilty party. Since Brian thinks she isn't guilty, he decides to track down the real murderer. He also gets Dotty, who everyone believes has been electrocuted for her crime, to play the role of her departed spirit. The object is to scare the killer into making him, or her, confess. With Dotty scaring the daylights out of everyone, and several creepy scenes, one takes place in an undertaker's parlor, you're sure to enjoy yourself. Plus that—a surprise finish, too.

Criss Cross

Universal-International

GIVES you an insight into the lives of some nasty characters and how they get nastier as time and the picture go on. With Burt Lancaster as the armed car guard, Yvonne De Carlo as the sexy female who has been divorced from him, is still in love with him, but married to Dan Duryea, things happen fast and furiously, natch. It's a rough, tough scramble of dirty deals and involved love. Both Dan and Burt get paid off for their crimes, and no one lives happily ever after.

Ella Bids Au Revoir

Continued from page 42

Eddie Albert, sitting across from us, "I've worked and slaved. During my last picture-making job, I was laid up for three weeks with *mononucleosis*, which could easily return if I don't take it easy for awhile.

"And yet—and all because I'm pretty darned happy with Robin—I feel capable of a million jobs, tired or no. My new mental approach is perfect and translating energy into work is simplicity in itself. All thanks to a dreamy husband."

Speaking of husbands, the last time we talked to Ella, she'd just been divorced and was trying to tie up the loose ends of her life.

"I'm really glad," she said, during the present meeting, "that I was married before, because now I can appreciate what we have achieved. I couldn't be happier—all I expected of this marriage came true, plus a great deal I hadn't even dreamed of.

"I knew that Robin was the one for me, exactly three dates after we first met at Palm Springs. That evening, I remember, I'd been much taken with him and had asked, casually, about the three rows of ribbons on his uniform. It annoyed him, naturally, and he muttered something about getting them out of a box of Crackerjack. But, despite this minor contretemps, the mutual first-im-

pression was good, very good. . . .

"He called me, two weeks later, and asked me to an air show. More dates followed, but, as I said, I knew after the third date that he was the man.

"Being a very honorable fellow," she continued, "Robin held off on a formal proposal of marriage until my divorce was final. Then I was so amused by the old-fashioned formality of his actual proposal, that I almost laughed, even though it touched my heart. I said, in answer, 'I think marriage to you would be fun, darling.' A classic bit of understatement, though I wasn't aware that it was, then."

And so they were married, Robin and Ella. It was a fancy church wedding and the newlyweds took off for Sugar Bowl—



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in the northern part of California—for their honeymoon.

"It's a lovely spot," said Ella, "great for skiing, something we're both mad for. I'm not what's called a *competing* skier—we're *strong* skiers, with the accent on endurance. Robin had never been on skis before and I was all set to show him up; a tiny bit, anyway. But I should have known that this rascal—Army All-American—would be a quickstudy on a ski-run. . . .

"Naturally, since we both work, there've been separations, but we've been pretty lucky that way. And when we're apart, we write every day—his letters are extraordinarily good. The guy has a sense of humor, in addition to being intellectual."

The college-bred Raines swears that his education is better than hers—he's a West Pointer. On the other hand, she's subconsciously jealous of the fact that Robin—the son of General Robert Olds and born in Hawaii—has traveled all over the U. S. and in Europe during the war.

"I've never been out of this country," said Ella, "and I love travel."

This "best husband" is a complete balance to her, she says, and is apt to come up with a surprise any old time, anyhow. Their sole maid has finally gotten used to them and if they eat dinner on the patio or in bed, she accepts it with a shrug. Both always have to be doing something; both draw. He does cartoons, does a lot for-and-of the Air Corps in England. Ella specializes in circus paintings, has been engaged to do a card-a-year for a top-ranking greeting-card firm. They compete like crazy and she's out to beat him every time (*if she can*) but, even so, they don't fight, period. Argue, yes—but no quarrels. He's right 50 percent of the time; she's right 35—that leaves a safe margin to be divided up.

"Robin's very much *pro* my career," says Ella. "He has helped me to become a real person on the screen. Thanks to his sane advice, I'm now aiming at completely natural acting—realism with an almost European flavor."

"When Robin and I saw the first rushes of a film I was making a while ago, he quietly made the point that I should appear on the screen as I am at home, that is, to put more warmth in the role. I trust my recent film-jobs are the better for that added warmth. No question about it, Robin has a good layman's sense of the movies and the movie crowd adores the guy."

And speaking of her movies, "Impact" is her latest, a United Artists job, and with Brian Donlevy, Helen Walker, Charles Coburn.

"My first nice-girl role," says Ella, "since 'Suspect,' four years back, and a happy change for someone who hates playing witches. In 'Impact,' I'm *Marsha Peters*, work in a garage, wear greasy overalls and have my hair slicked back off my face, like a boy's. Helen Walker, as Brian's wife, is a *femme fatale* and, through a complication, Brian and I are thrown together and come in contact with a police lieutenant, played by Charles Coburn and thanks to a smart



John Hodiak takes speck out of Maureen O'Hara's eye before Radio Theatre show.

bit of off-casting."

Prior to the above movie, Ella had turned out "Walking Hills," for Columbia—she's free-lancing, these days. It's an outdoor film having to do with sand dunes, Randolph Scott and a cast that includes the late, comic Edgar Kennedy.

"Impact," the United Artists release, was her 16th picture, she pointed out. This, she trusts, will break a jinx regarding the number 16 and her. Numerology doesn't have much impact on her, but she has noted that several unhappy things have centered around 16—she burned her face when a gas oven flared-out at her, on the 16th and she had a month's sickness in 1944 on that date. The 6th, however, *that's* a number—she was born on the 6th, married the major on the 6th.

"In Hollywood," Ella said, "it's better to be married to someone who's not in the same profession—if only because there's so much more to talk about when you labor at different trades, yes? As it so happens, I admire Robin's choice of the Army as a career—a natural choice for him, really, since his is an old Army family. As it also happens, I love Robin, and ours is the grandest romance—or have I said that, before? To me, to *us*, that romance is the most important thing in the world and its success even helps us to do better work. It makes me feel both proud and humble and I don't care who says that's corn, it's precisely the way I feel."

"I had cooked up a dozen fancy ideas about how I was going to lead my life, but I can honestly say that the way it turned out is much better than that preconception. There's no question about who's more important, in our relationship. Robin's prominent in his own right and people accept us both at face value and in all sets."

"I have a peculiar theory that people make their own lives and that if they really work at it—and have the essential drive and energy—they can bring things about by themselves—I can only point to Robin and me, as proof. And whenever I say 'my husband,' I get a jolt out of it. . . .

"Not that I'm inclined to talk about the man," she smirked, went on, "but Robin just happens to number good taste among his other good qualities. He's even made me clothes-conscious. I, who used to be a suit-woman. Give little Ella a decent suit and I was all set. Now I spend years being fitted to very feminine things that will please Robin. Those Travis Banton numbers I mentioned weren't just for the boat or to dazzle Paris—they were whipped up to impress you-know-who!"

"England is the big concern right now," Ella said. "I have five things in mind, as regards that country and me. First, I want to be a good airman's wife. Secondly, I want to help Robin in other ways, too."

"Thirdly, I want to learn French. Does learning French in England sound crazy? I don't think so, since it's spoken more there and there's a possibility of getting a bi-lingual housekeeper who'd help me get rid of the *très-vile* French accent I got out of my college *Francaise*."

"My fourth objective is the study of dramatics in London, which has some of the world's best teachers. No one has ever learned all there is to know about acting and I'm no exception."

"And, finally, I need a rest. A quiet spot 40 miles from London should give me a chance for plenty of relaxation, aside from carrying out that program."

One of the rock-solid foundations supporting the Olds amalgamation, is a number of common interests, especially in the sports line, where skiing heads the list, followed by most of the others with the exception of golf. They share a mutual dislike of cards but both are mad about dancing, the major being an exceptionally smooth man on the dance floor, according to an informed authority. Ella cooks on the maid's day off and once, on that day and when Ella was ill, the master of the house fixed eggs and all the fixings and served them to her in bed. She's been toying with the idea of a regular Thursday attack.

As we walked out of 21, Ella said: "I'm just plain lucky, I guess. Marriage is more than a mere piece of paper that serves as a license. Robin's still my best beau. He's everything I ever wanted of all the boys in my life—puppy love, college crushes; they're all-in-one in *this*. We're not only husband and wife, we're also friends—an important factor in making marriage a working partnership that works. But, confidentially, I knock myself out trying to beat him at as many things as I can so he won't be too conceited. . . ."

Ella had just two more things to say. One was almost a sworn statement. "I'll bet every possession I have," she said, with a quiet intensity, "that Robin and I will still be married 70 years from now."

The other item had to do with her eventual return to the U. S., when her husband's tour of duty is finished. "I'll either come back," Ella promised, "with a bump or a bundle."

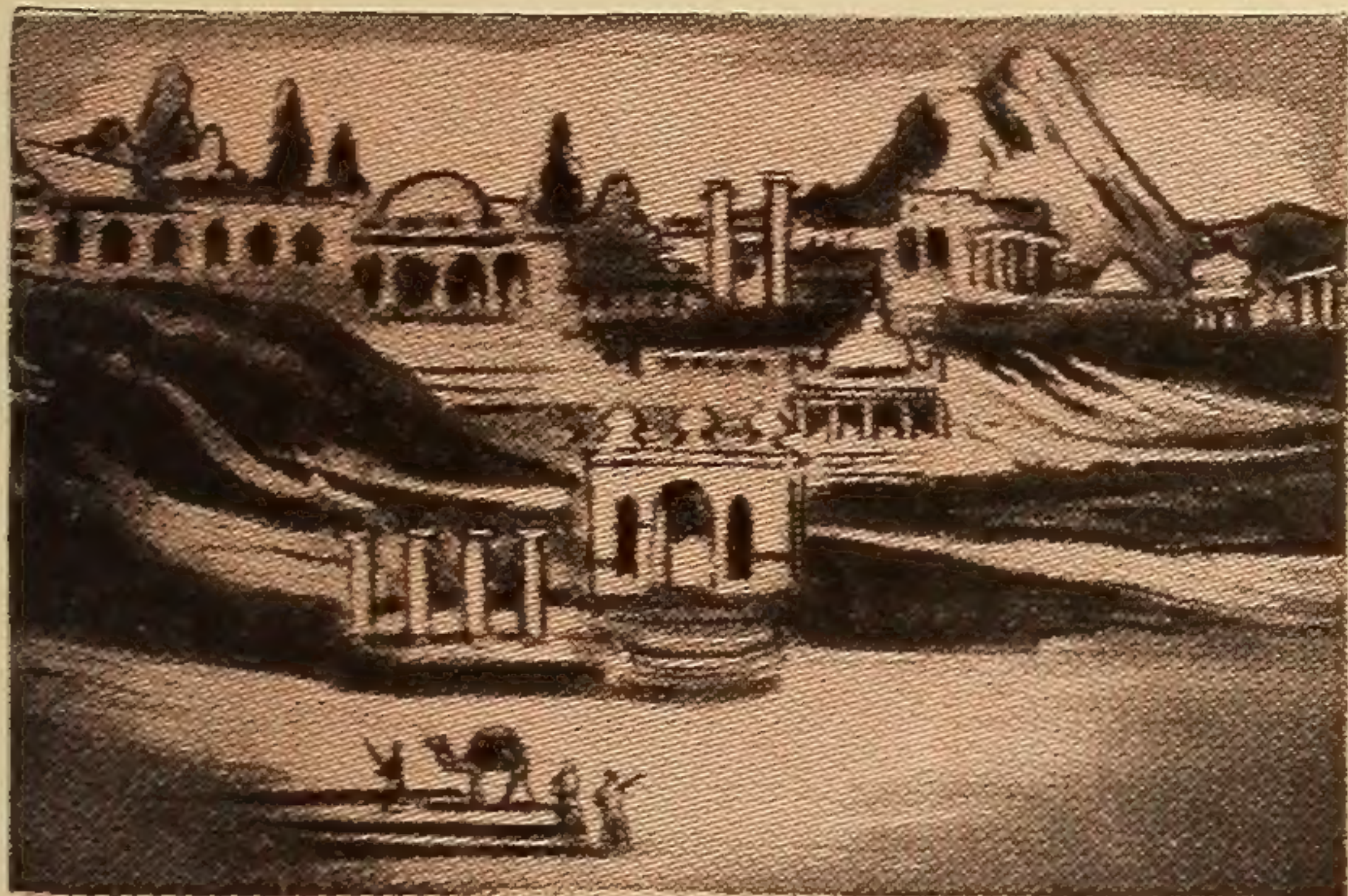
In case you're not up on your slang, Ella and Robin Olds are planning on having a baby. . . .

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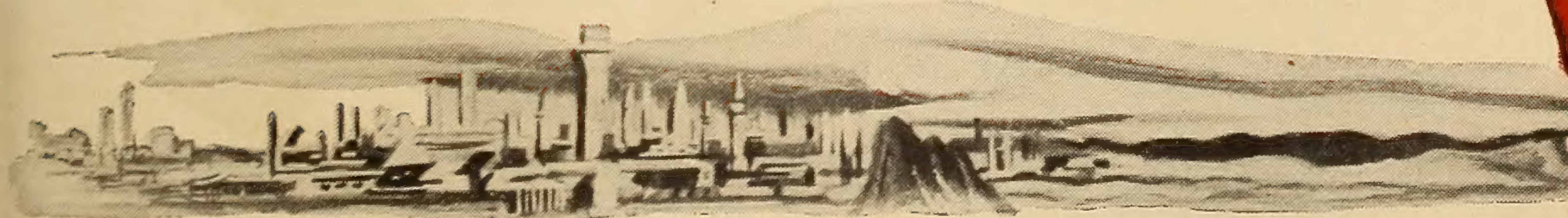
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power!

MARIA JEAN PIERRE DENNIS
Montez · Aumont · O'Keefe

in Seymour Nebenzal's

"SIREN OF ATLANTIS"



Directed by **GREGG TALLAS** • Produced by **SEYMOUR NEBENZAL**

Based on the novel "Atlantida" by Pierre Benoit • Released thru United Artists



Brenda Marshall

starring in the PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"WHISPERING SMITH"

Color by Technicolor

I like the
beautiful styling and
budget prices of

Jolene

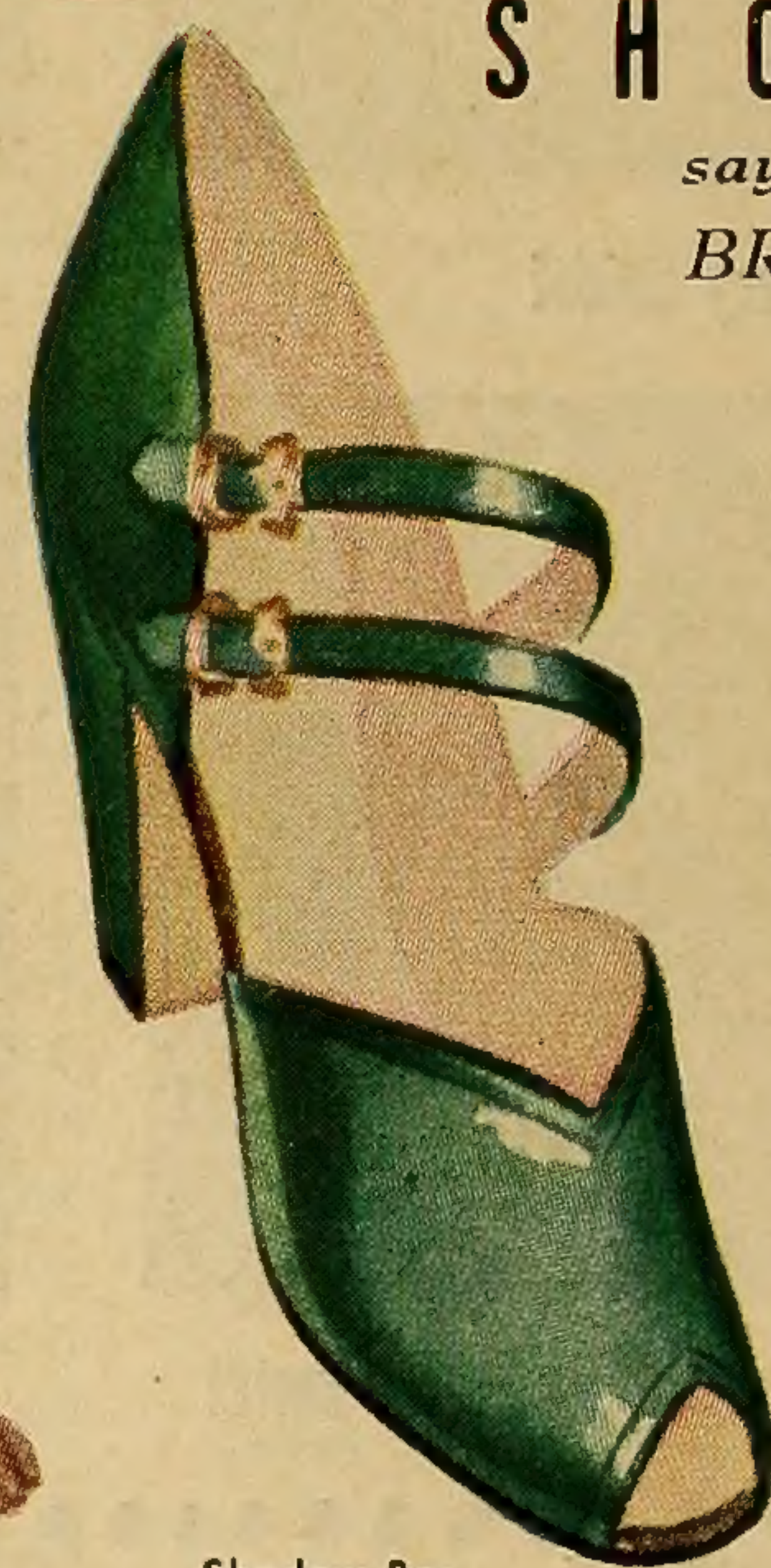
S H O E S

says

BRENDA MARSHALL



Jibby



Shadow Box



Show Stopper

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lovely leathers...colors that sing...at a price
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*\$6⁹⁵
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*Slightly Higher
Denver West*



Gorgeous

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